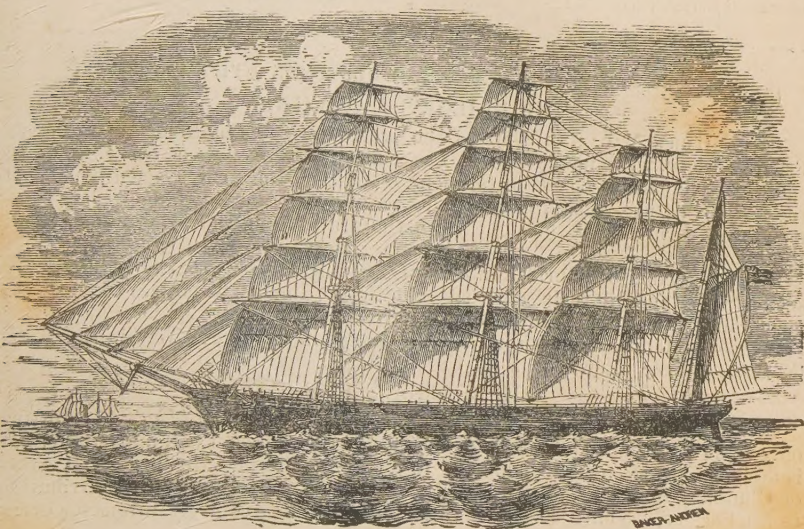


THE  
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE,  
AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



The Clipper Ship "GREAT REPUBLIC."

Vol. 33.

MAY, 1861.

No. 9.

NEW-YORK:

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society,

NO. 80 WALL STREET.

S. HALLET, BOOK & JOB PRINTER AND TRANSLATOR, 101 FULTON STREET.

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## Publications of the American Seamen's Friend Society, THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE contains the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, with notices so far as received, of the labors of other Societies, and of individuals in behalf of Seamen. It aims to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress, and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given.

*Price.*—\$1 00 per annum in advance. *Postage*, in advance:—Within the State, *three cents a year*; elsewhere in the United States, *six cents*.

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND,

Contains in pamphlet form, *the same matter* as the *Sailor's Magazine*, omitting only some miscellaneous and other articles of least interest and importance. It is designed for *gratuitous* distribution to Life Directors and Members, to Pastors of Churches, Sabbath School Superintendents, &c. Congregations contributing to the Society, are entitled to order, if they choose, one copy gratuitous for every three dollars contributed.

It is also furnished to subscribers for 25 cents per single copy, per annum, or eight copies for \$1 00, and at the latter rate for any greater number, payable always in advance.

Postage, same as the Magazine.

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

This is a little sheet published monthly by the Society, designed chiefly for children and Sabbath Schools. It contains brief anecdotes, incidents, and other facts pertaining to this cause, illustrated with cuts, &c.

The Life Boat is intended, not so much for sale, as to be *given away* to those who will do something to aid the cause of the Sailor. Every child, or other person who will become a COLLECTOR, and forward through the Superintendent or Pastor, a collection for the Society, shall receive a copy of it *gratuitously* for one year.

*Postage.*—When fifty copies or more are ordered to one address, the postage will be prepaid by the Society. If less than 50 are ordered, they can be sent only every other month, or the postage must be paid by those receiving them.



T H E

# SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. 33.

MAY, 1861.

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## A Pastoral Agency.

We present to our readers this month a Sermon preached in behalf of the American Seamen's Friend Society, by the Rev. W. B. WEED, late pastor of the First Congregational Church, Norwalk, Conn. This lamented minister of Christ was a warm friend of the Am. S. F. Society. He assured us, about a year before his death, that he was "glad to be pastor of a church that has this Society on its docket." This discourse was delivered on the occasion of the first annual collection that was made for it, in regular course, after he entered upon that pastorate. Of course it was written without any view to publication, and is now presented without alteration, except the omission of portions, principally statistics that would not now be seasonable.

It is well known to many of our readers that Mr. Weed did not always give a cordial reception to the Agents of our various benevolent Societies.—The prime reason of this was his settled conviction *that every pastor ought to be Agent for every proper cause among his own people*; that he ought to instruct his people, carefully and thoroughly, in regard to the merits, work, and needs of each—to stimulate them to interest, liberality and coöperation in every good work. Accordingly he al-

ways prepared his discourses for these objects, when the time for the annual collection occurred, with as much patient study, and preached them as earnestly, as on any other occasion. His pleas accordingly were fervent and effectual.

If all pastors would imbibe his spirit and imitate this example, the treasury of benevolence would soon overflow; and if all who discard the office and despise the persons of Agents, would themselves become the earnest and faithful advocates of "the Societies," those often-abused servants of the churches for Jesus' sake would greatly rejoice and gladly devote themselves to another department of the great common work.

We commend this kind of Agency to those pastors—if any there be—who stand aloof from the great cause of Missions and Evangelization; to those—if any such there be—who rather oppose, or do not encourage the introduction of these various appeals to their people, lest their own stipends should be diminished thereby, (a most mistaken policy, and a worse Christianity); and to those who, when a collection is to be taken, content themselves by a bare announcement of the fact and the objects, and a general,

loose kind of endorsement and commendation, saying, perhaps, "Brethren, you all know the objects, and work, and worth of this Society," (when many of the brethren even, know very little about it),—"The deacons will please pass around the boxes."

We bless God there are not many pastors of this character. We bear witness that there are many more whose hearts are with the Master, and who love to plead his cause, and the cause of humanity and benevolence; who do so regularly and systematically, and seal the sincerity of their appeals by the generosity of their donations. Such will not be offended with the freedom of these remarks.

We are happy to announce that a volume of sermons by our lamented friend and brother, has been recently published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 330 Broadway. *They will repay perusal.*

### SERMON,

BY REV. WM. B. WEED, LATE OF NORWALK, CONN.

Is. 60: 5.—"The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee."

In appearing before you at present as an agent of the Seamen's Friend Society, methinks we might with perfect propriety have chosen the same passage of scripture as the basis of our remarks on which our last charity sermon—in behalf of the heathen—was founded. We might insist that, in what we do to ameliorate the condition and promote the spiritual improvement of the sailor, we are only liquidating our just debt to him. It is true, that the ultimate foundation of our duty to minister to the spiritual well-being of any class of men lies in the fact that they are men, descendants of the same ancestor from whose loins we sprung, workmanship of the same Creator who gave us being, members of the same great brotherhood of which we form part, and of whom, of all of them, saith the common Father, both theirs and ours, "Thou shalt love them as thyself." No portion of the

human race is excluded from the sympathies of his all-embracing heart.—The supervision of his paternal care includes them all. The ministrations of his universal benevolence, and the tenderness of his compassion, reach to all; and he is not willing that any should perish. And when the apostle bids the gracious offspring of such a God to—"do good to all men," he is only enjoining them to manifest their divine extraction by imitating their Father in the largeness of their sympathies and the universality of their benevolence. Still, it is not to be doubted that, in relation to particular classes of men, this general obligation may be reinforced by specific considerations which single them out as having a peculiar demand on our christian offices. Thus the apostle in the verse before us makes an exception in favor of the household of faith, our christian brethren, to whom the sacred bonds of a spiritual consanguinity,—a unity in the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism,—a oneness in the same Christ,—give paramount claims upon us. And on different grounds methinks a similar exception might be urged in favor of that class of men for whom we plead at present. We are their debtors. Our country is their debtor. Our comforts and our luxuries, the wealth, the material prosperity of our nation,—how large, how indispensable is the ministration which the sailor performs therein? What a prodigious deduction would be made from both by the withdrawal of that ministration? How many of the delicacies of your table are leavened with your obligation to seamen? How many of the garments, with which you are at present clad, are interwoven with it? How many of the articles and implements of your daily use, convenience and luxury, are stamped with it. And then take this along with you,—that the services rendered by this commercial class to you as individuals, and to the commonwealth, are attended with greater self-denial and sacrifice than belong to any other vocation. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, are the chief sources of national wealth, and individual subsistence comfort and enjoyment, in a temporal point of view. But what are the



hardships, the exposures, the imminent, deadly risks incidental to the two former, compared to what the latter involves? The labors of the farmer and the mechanic are a quiet peaceful monotony. The trials of the seaman are a perpetual fight with two elements; and for one whose life has been shortened, or has been subjected to a violent death by either of the former pursuits, thousands have by the latter. And if King David esteemed the water which his soldiers had fought their way through the Philistine host to bring him from the well of Bethlehem, —esteemed it too sacred even to be drank because it was procured at the risk of life, it is fit that we should similarly and gratefully estimate the risk of life at which the sailor fights his way through the storms and billows to lay the wealth, the spoils, the rare and countless products of other lands at our feet. And whatever it is in our power to do for him, whatever demands his moral and spiritual improvement may make on us, we should consider that in meeting them we are not doing a charity, but paying a debt.

And if the sailor thus taking his life in his hands and braving the hardships and the perils of hostile elements in order to facilitate the interchange of the commodities of other countries and our own, to bring us the commercial tribute of every shore, the spices of the East and the gold of the West—has peculiar claims upon us; the very nature of his vocation, singling him out and isolating him from the rest of our population, requires that what we do for him in relation to his highest interests, his spiritual well being, should be done in the way of specific effort, having exclusive reference to himself. The merchant, the mechanic, the agriculturist, are restricted by their callings to particular locations; and from their mutual dependence on each other, they are all inhabitants of the same communities. They may all be gathered into the same sanctuary, and the same system of spiritual improvement may be made available to them all in common. But the sailor has no settled abode; the nature of his calling makes it impossible. "His path is on the mountain wave, his home is on the deep;" and because it is impossible to

convert every ship, and brig, and schooner into a Bethel; to supply a chaplain to every vessel; the only way to reach him, the only way to fulfill, in relation to him, the divine mandate to preach the Gospel to every creature, is to meet this wanderer, this Bedouin of the ocean, at his temporary stopping places at the various seaports of the commercial world, with the appliances of the word of life. But the greater portion of the commercial world, almost the whole of it (except the British isles,) is either Catholic, Mahometan or Heathen. Of course if our seamen are to be greeted there by evangelical influences, these must first be carried thither by the hand of home charity. And even in the ports of Protestant countries and of our own, in London and Amsterdam, in New York and Boston, what is done towards the evangelization of seamen must be mainly done for them as a separate class. For besides that men who spend three quarters of their time at sea are naturally shy of mingling with congregations of landsmen, the habits incident to their calling, their peculiar costume, their peculiar dialect, all tend to isolate them from the rest of the public, and demand peculiar adaptations in the means of grace which may be expected to profit them.

Here, then, lies the peculiar strength of the appeal which the wants of seamen address to us. Their calling, which separates them from the rest of society, and makes them a class by themselves, to sink into practical heathenism without special efforts for their spiritual improvement—that calling is created by the demands of society itself as indispensable to its comfort, its wealth, and material progress. When our fellow citizens leave the homes and the churches of their fathers and emigrate to the Western wilderness, for reasons that are purely personal to themselves—the hope of bettering their fortune, of acquiring more wealth, in the long run, on that virgin soil, than they ever could in these crowded communities, or from these comparatively sterile lands—we do not feel at liberty to say, If they will run away from the institutions of the gospel in order to get rich, let them suffer the consequences; let them hea-

thenize. When told of their spiritual destitution and of their inability to establish or sustain their single-handed, these facts are sufficient to enlist our charities in their behalf. No matter, we say, from whence their spiritual necessities arise—enough that such necessities exist. We are debtors to all who need the gospel, however they came to need it. But if we of the East contribute our thousands annually to give the bread of life to our Western brethren who have gone out from us into a land of spiritual famine, on purely personal grounds—for their own individual benefit—how much more urgent the appeal that comes to us from that class of our fellow citizens who virtually expatriate themselves—"who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters,"—living without a home, and, alas! too often dying without a grave,—for our benefit, far more than their own! It is our wants, it is the demands of civilized society that gives birth to commerce. If there is to be commerce there must be seamen; and seamen must necessarily, in a great degree, be dissociated from the rest of the community, and estranged from sanctifying influences, unless sought out and spiritually cared for by special efforts. Is it mere charity, then, that calls us to meet the spiritual destitutions of this class, for which we ourselves have given the occasion?—The spiritual necessities of the sailor are the direct consequence of the peculiar pursuit to which he has devoted himself in order to supply our temporal necessities and luxuries. Are we not his debtors?

It is interesting to observe that, of all the leading benevolent associations of the day, the Society for which we plead at present, alone originated with the class of persons for whose benefit it was intended. The American Seamen's Friend Society is the offspring of seamen. In September, 1825, an article appeared in the *New York Mariner's Magazine*, signed by one hundred and fourteen masters and mates of different vessels, warmly advocating the formation of a national society for the elevation and improvement of the sailor. They said, "You admit us to be one of the most necessary, and you

cannot deny that we are one of the most neglected classes of the American population. You entrust to us your property, your merchandize, and your lives. Can our character and principles be a matter of indifference to you? You depend upon us to transport your missionaries to heathen countries; can it be a matter of indifference to you that we ourselves are growing heathens?" An organization was soon afterwards formed, subsequently reconstructed and modified in its details, but substantially the same with that of the present Society. And this peculiarity in its origin suggests two considerations. In the first place, no one is likely to understand the necessities of a particular class of men so well as themselves. Hence, when we find this organization first proposed and insisted on, not by general philanthropists, but by those who ought to understand the wants of seamen, by intelligent persons connected with that very profession, we may be sure this movement was no superfluous one; that the demand it was meant to supply was real, actual, urgent. Thus too, in this connection we cannot but observe the tendency in the christian public to overlook the sailor. The movement to carry the gospel into our new settlements; the movement to invade the heathen world with the sword of the Spirit, was perfectly spontaneous, originating in the self-acting impulses of the American church, without the need of external stimulants. But long after scores of Home Missionaries had crossed the Alleghenies, long after repeated bands of Foreign Missionaries had crossed the ocean, the American church continued to be practically oblivious to the fact that there were such things as sailors, or that sailors had such things as souls. That they were demoralized by corrupt associations without any counteraction,—corrupted by frequenting the lowest haunts of vice ashore, and corrupting each other by their mutual influence at sea,—and that, surrounded with temptations, or sick or dying in foreign ports, there was none to administer the friendly warning in the one case, or the christian instruction and consolation, in the other,—appeared to be matter of no more con-



cern than if seamen were the brutes, which the influences by which they were surrounded, and the total neglect to which they were abandoned, were calculated to make them. Not till the loud cry came up from the nautical Macedonian, "Come over and help us,"—not till the sailor himself spoke out and conjured the church to do her duty by him,—did she awake to the consciousness that she owed him any duty.

For this long oversight we suppose there are two, though very inadequate reasons to be assigned. A destitute class in our midst, under our immediate inspection, makes a constant appeal to our senses and through them to our sensibilities. But the sailor is not in our midst. His moral situation and destitutions are but little observed even in the seaports, where he is at most only an occasional and transient sojourner; and away from the coast, nothing is ever seen or known of him except by hearsay. And, like too many objects which appeal to the Christian sympathies of the public, "Out of sight" he is apt to be "Out of mind." Thus, after the claims of seamen had been before the country for a quarter of a century, the grand total of the contributions to this object for one year was but little more than \$19,000. Two-thirds of this came from the two States of Connecticut and New York, and all of it, except \$425, from the States on the seaboard;—as if our obligations to seamen were not equally shared by the population of the interior, and as if no one could be expected to care for their souls except those who are personally conversant with them.

But we suppose that another reason why seamen were so long practically excluded from christian sympathy, and have still so inadequate a hold upon it, is to be found in the smallness of their numbers. Our moral perceptions are so obtuse, our moral sympathies so feeble, that it requires great objects, objects of large visible dimensions, to attract the one and enlist the other. The heathen millions of India, the hundreds of millions of China, speak to us in the language of their wholesale destitutions with a resistless power; but what are a few thousand seamen?

But, in the first place, we doubt

that few are aware how numerous this class of men actually is. It has more than quadrupled in the last twenty-five years. In 1830 the tonnage of American vessels presented an aggregate of 1,191,776 tons; the number of seamen and watermen, under the American flag, including those of the Navy, was a little over 90,000.

In 1855 the tonnage was 5,212,000 tons; the number of seamen and watermen nearly 400,000—about the same number as the whole population, men, women and children, of the State of Connecticut.\* Can we afford, as American patriots—can we reconcile it to our conscience, as American christians—to surrender a section of our population, equal to that which this whole commonwealth embraces, to irreligion and its attendant immoralities, to sin and Satan, without an effort to save them?

But the importance of this class, and the necessity of christianizing them, is not to be estimated by their numbers. In several respects they are the most influential portion of the American people. They are the representatives of the American republic. The men whom we send to the different capitals of the civilized world, dignified with the sounding titles of "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary,"—to figure in court processions, and give sumptuous dinners for the honor and at the expence of their country,—exert not a tithe of the influence as her representatives, in giving her character and estimation, good or bad, in other lands, as do the hundreds of thousands of seamen whom commerce sends to the utmost parts of the earth. They are our real foreign ambassadors, circulating among all nations, many of whom know nothing of our country and its inhabitants except from them. They are regarded and judged of, as sample specimens of American character, yes, and of American religion. Especially is this true throughout the heathen world. They naturally judge of a foreign religion from the character of those who come from the lands where it is professed. The falsehood, then, the lewdness, the cheating, the blasphemy, which the pagans witness among sailors,—how

\* This sermon was preached in 1856.

repulsive is the idea which these exhibitions of character must give them of our religion? When our missionaries first landed in Micronesia they found the only English words which the natives could repeat were certain oaths, which they had learned from sailors. We have heard of a ship which carried a number of missionaries from Boston to Bombay, that was loaded in part, or chiefly, with New England Rum—the means of salvation for the poor Hindoos, and the means of damnation, both under the same deck! It is virtually the same to send missionaries in one vessel to a pagan shore to teach the people to respect the Christian religion, and profane and drunken sailors in the same, and another, and in twenty others, to teach them to despise it. That enterprise to which our children have been called to contribute, the purchasing and fitting out of the missionary ship, *The Morning Star*, originated in the desire, the felt necessity, of having at least one medium of communication between our country and heathendom whose God-fearing officers and crew, in the various foreign stations where they landed, should co-operate with the christianizing efforts of the missionary, instead of counteracting it.—But why should not all our commercial vessels that trade with heathen ports be Morning Stars, carrying light there instead of helping to make the darkness denser? They must do the one or the other. The seamen who carry on our commercial intercourse with unevangelized countries must be practically the missionaries of Christ to them, or the missionaries of Satan. It is for the christian public, under God, to determine which.

We will now endeavor to give you some idea of the operations of this Society. It has maintained chaplains in the principal ports of our own country, and in foreign lands, in South America, Europe and Asia. The vocation of these brethren consists in station-preaching in chapels, or on board of Bethel ships, visiting the sick, and caring for the needy, and distributing copies of the Scriptures and other religious books and tracts.\* Of course

you will perceive that these labors among seamen are almost literally 'casting bread upon the waters.' As the chaplain at Panama remarks, "Sailors are birds of passage and we must shoot them on the wing if at all; and even so, in not one case in ten can we know whether our shots tell or not. One of the most joyful hours I have known here, was that in which I received a letter, dated in a far off port, from one of whom I had almost despaired while here, stating that the word I had preached to him had been a live coal in his heart, unquenchable, like a fire away down in the hold of his vessel, and burned away there in secret, till he had been obliged to open his heart's hatches to the water from the wells of salvation." \* \* \* \*

It ought to be observed, that the ministrations of the chaplains of this Society in foreign ports are far from being confined to seamen. In many cases they are the only Christian, or at least the only Protestant minister in the place, and the traveler, the wayfarer, far from his own American shore, finds in them the only, and a most grateful substitute for the pastor who ministered to their spiritual instruction, and knelt by their sick beds at home. \* \* \* \*

Among the means of ameliorating the condition of seamen is that which proposes to extricate them from those dens of infamy, sailor-boarding-houses, as they are notoriously called, by furnishing them with lodging places conducted on christian principles, where the inmates are daily surrounded with the influences, and if sick or destitute, with the kindly sympathies which belong to a christian household. Such "Sailor's Homes," as they are appropriately styled, are found at present in all our principal seaports. In the only one of them which is under the direct control of the Society, that in the city of New York, during the last year 3,300 sailors have been received as boarders; since the Home was opened, fourteen years ago, 47,156. Among the boarders of last year, 142 shipwrecked and destitute seamen have received aid in board and clothing to the amount of about \$800. The boarders have deposited in the Savings Bank about \$12,000. Weekly temperance meet-

\* Statistical and other facts, next mentioned, are here omitted.



ings and prayer meetings are attended—often by large numbers and with deep interest,—from eighteen to twenty hopeful conversions have occurred. What would have become of those sailors, their money, their morals, and their souls, without these friendly asylums from the landsharks?

\* \* \* \* \*

Our late war with Mexico in neither of the years of its continuance cost us more soldiers than the commercial operations of last year have cost us seamen. On the lakes, and on the ocean, crew after crew have gone down to occupy their watery tomb till the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. Scarcely a land-ward breeze comes to us from the deep which has not been agitated by the cries of drowning mariners. Even now, while in the quiet of our sanctuary we determine how much aid to render this year for the work of gospel benevolence among them, death may be flinging his terrible shroud of waters over seamen, for whose souls all we can henceforth do will be of no avail. And who are they who need the hopes and the supports of the gospel more imperatively than those who, beyond all other classes of men, are hourly liable to be launched at an instant's warning into the presence of their judge? Oh be it ours to aid them to find the way to Him, who manifested his interest in seamen by choosing his first disciples from among them, who may serve as their faithful pilot in every voyage, and in the hour of fatal disaster, when the dreadful surges roll, can snatch with kind hand the parting soul to that celestial ark serene above the storm.

We thank our friends, the editors of the *New York Evangelist*, for their kind word for the sailor, and for the Society that takes care of the sailor, which we find in their editorial columns. We are grateful to the fraternity for all such favors, and should be happy to see this or a similar paragraph in other journals.

"A WORD FOR THE SAILOR.—We learn with regret that the noble Soci-

ety, which for more than a generation has successfully labored for the temporal and spiritual welfare of seamen, is sorely embarrassed for the want of funds. The drafts of its chaplains and missionaries on distant coasts and islands of the sea, come home to an overdrawn treasury. The Directors, as on former occasions, are quietly making personal sacrifices to relieve the present straits, and richly deserve as they greatly need, the liberal cooperation of the friends of seamen. The success of the American Seamen's Friend Society—and what a harvest of good has lately been gathered!—in awakening an interest, and promoting various local efforts for the benefit of seamen, has indirectly impoverished itself by the expenditure of funds on those local objects, which would otherwise have flowed into its own treasury. A Society so comprehensive in its operations, and so blessed in its labors, is eminently deserving a generous aid. Hence we volunteer this word to the Christian public, to bespeak an immediate relief of its pressing wants.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### The Comforts of a Good Watch.

A sea Captain of my acquaintance was in the Pacific Ocean, having left a dear friend in an Atlantic city. One night he awoke suddenly in a tremble, having dreamed that she was dead.—He immediately took up that friend that never seemed to tick wrong, and noted the exact time; and then taking the difference of latitude and longitude for the Atlantic city, put that down. And, alas! on arriving at Calcutta, it was too true, as he learned from letters;—the time too scarcely varying a minute.

Long has he carried that solid chronometer. He is always up to time, for he can always rely upon his companion.

#### THE EVILS OF A BAD WATCH.

Heretofore many a Railroad collision has taken place because of an unreliable time keeper. And to this day many of our coasting vessels, which, of course, are not furnished as deep-water craft, with facilities for having accuracy in time; but often sail, with

only the log and an old watch to tell them their whereabouts. For example, the captain makes his calculations in so long a time, to stand out to sea to clear a bar. In the mean time his watch takes a freak; they run upon the bar and are wrecked. Many lives and much property have thus been lost.

Hence there is a great moral principle involved, in the simple question, *What kind of a watch does a man carry?* Rail Road Conductors and Captains have no right to carry treacherous time pieces; especially when true ones can be obtained.

But not only thus does the morality of this question appear, but in all the departments of life. Washington's Secretary had no right to cause him to lose five minutes of time by carrying a bad watch; and hence Washington was not unjust when he told him that, "You must get a new watch, or I will get a new Secretary." Time is not only money, but is to be accounted for at the great day. Losses and confusion are continually occurring from this cause.

And certainly no one will question that morality is involved in the fact of the importation of almost ship-loads of watches only in appearance, never being designed to keep time; but are for raffling grog holes, and low auction houses; cheating poor countrymen and unsophisticated youths.

But is there any help for this evil? I answer, yes. And as I have briefly pointed out the evil, I will be allowed to, I trust, the remedy. Understand me, I do it because of the great moral principle. I am not concerned in any way in the establishment, whose watches I am about to recommend, and therefore I am not advertising.

I therefore say to all who go down to the sea, and the rest of mankind, buy your watches of the American Watch Co., at Robbins & Appleton's 182 Broadway, New York, J. Stoddard, 411 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and in the trade generally.

Now these watches *must* be more accurate than the imported; for they are made by the most perfect machinery. Go to Waltham, Mass., where you can see everything turned out from the case to the microscopic screws, and

you will say at once, these must be more perfect than those made by unsteady hands, and often, imperfect eyes.

But I need not talk of the machinery when abundance of acquaintances, and men of high standing all over the country testify to their great worth. Think of a watch not varying more than ten or twelve seconds in a whole year! and yet such are the American watches. Think, then, upon the fact of our paying foreign manufacturers some \$5,000,000 yearly for their watches, and as much more to keep them in order, when we can get far better ones at home. I believe it is morally wrong.

J. B. R.

### Give.

See the rivers flowing  
Downward to the sea,  
Pouring all their treasures  
Bountiful and free;—  
Yet to help their giving  
Hidden springs arise;  
Or, if need be, showers  
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers  
Their rich fragrance spread,  
Load the air with perfumes  
From their beauty shed;—  
Yet their lavish spending  
Leaves them not in dearth,  
With fresh life replenished  
By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures—  
From fair Nature learn!  
Give thy love,—and ask not,  
Wait not a return!  
And the more thou spendest  
From thy little store,  
With a double bounty,  
God will give thee more!

A. A. PROCTOR.

### Unwept, Unhonored, & Unsung.

It is recorded of *Jehoram*—2 Chor. 21: 20, that "*he departed without being desired*;"—i. e.—left the world—no one wishing him to stay in it—died unmissed and unlamented. What a sad story do these few words tell! It is the story of a wicked man, a barbarous brother, and a debauched and corrupted



King. "The memory of the just is blessed," but the memory of such a flagrant sinner rots; and not only his memory rots, but his final exit from earth is longed for by multitudes before it takes place, and when it occurs, when death comes, when he "is driven away in his wickedness,"—no tears are shed, none grieve, but "he departs without being desired."

The Lord deliver us from the infamy of dying without being missed,—without the loss occasioned by our decease being felt. Nor let us so live as to be missed by our relatives only,—but so as to be missed in the church, and in the community, in the sanctuary and at the prayer-meeting;—missed by the afflicted, who in our departure have been bereaved of a sympathizing friend,—by the poor, who have lost a benefactor, by the perplexed, who have lost a safe counselor, and by benevolent enterprizes, which have been deprived of a generous contributor, and a faithful efficient advocate. Let us not be mere cyphers in the world,—drones in society,—much less, forces working there for the devil, and the damage of humanity; but be good relatives, kind neighbors, worthy citizens, and exemplary active Christians.

*Religious Herald, Hartford.*

## Commerce Returning to its Ancient Seats.

ITALY ONCE MORE A MARITIME POWER.

The Geographical Society, on last Thursday evening, listened to a very interesting Address on Italy, from Mr. Gajani, an Italian gentleman, who was a member of the Constituent Assembly of Rome in 1848—49, who fought under Garibaldi, and who, since the overthrow of the Republic, has found a home in America. He is now a resident of this city, where he is universally respected for his fine culture and his pure and patriotic character. The special subject of his lecture was the Geographical Importance of an united Italy.

Italy was once the most commercial country in Europe. Nor was this only when Rome was master of the world. Centuries after Italy had lost her political power, she retained her commercial

supremacy. The reason is apparent from a single glance at the map. A long peninsula, running out into the Mediterranean, midway between the two other peninsulas of Greece and Spain, and stretching across from the Southern shores of Europe through Sicily, to within less than a hundred miles of the coast of Africa, she is placed, as it were, in the midst of three continents. Hence, when all the most civilized nations of the world lay around the shores of the Mediterranean, the commerce of all converged to Italy as a common centre. It was the half-way house for all the trade of the East. The gems, and silks, and spices of India then came by the way of the Red Sea, crossed the isthmus of Suez, and as they passed into Europe, paid tribute to Venice or Genoa. The palaces which to-day line the Grand Canal, were builded out of the wealth thus brought from the gorgeous East.

But how came this commerce to be turned away to other countries? Several causes contributed to this. The irruption of the Turks into Europe, a half-barbarian power, which took Constantinople, and thus held the gates of the East, put a barrier in the way of the ancient route of commerce, while the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope opened a new way to India. This took the commerce of the Indies from the Venetians, and gave it to the Portuguese, who, to maintain their own ascendancy, threw obstacles in the way of the passage by the Red Sea. Thus, the commerce of Italy, being cut off, declined, Genoa and Venice languished on their waters, while Lisbon grew to the rank of a great commercial city.

Now it is not a little remarkable that at the very moment that Italy is regaining her independence and establishing her unity, the trade of the East seems likely to return to its ancient channels, and thus Italy may resume her place among the nations commercially as well as politically. To this many causes now conspire. The rapid decline of Turkey has removed the terror of her arms, so that there is no longer a lion in the way. At this moment Syria is occupied by French troops; and French, English, and Russians, all seem eager to open new chan-

nels of trade to the East. An English engineer has projected a route which he calls *THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY*, and of which Dr. Solger discoursed so eloquently a few days since, and which is nothing less than a proposal to connect England and India, by a railroad from London to Calcutta, crossing the whole breadth of Europe and Asia! Whether a project so gigantic is likely to be realized for a century to come, is doubtful, but it is altogether probable that new and more expeditious routes to the East will be opened, partly by railroad and partly by steam, down the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. When these lines are completed, what will become of the commerce with India, around the Cape of Good Hope? It needs little foresight to perceive that if when all traffic had to pass in slow sailing ships across the Indian Ocean, and up the Red Sea, and then be transported across the desert by caravans, on the backs of camels, it will soon take this direct route when its costly fabrics may be conveyed by the swift steamer and the flying car, straight to the heart of Europe.

This revival of the ancient routes of commerce, bringing once more into her harbors the trade of the Indies, cannot but give a new impulse to the greatness of Italy. The Italians, like the Greeks, inhabiting a country washed on almost every side by the sea, are fitted for a life on the ocean. The boatmen of Genoa and the gondoliers of Venice may form the material of a gallant navy that shall yet bear the flag of Italy with honor among the nations of the world.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### A Nautical School at Charleston.

CHARLESTON, March 28, 1861.

In view of the bill lately introduced in the New-York Legislature by JOHN McLEOD MURPHY, for the establishment of a *Nautical School* in the harbor of New-York, under the control of the Common School Fund, an account of a similar institution now in the full tide of successful experiment in the harbor of Charleston, will prove interesting to all your commercial readers, and in fact to all who are interested in the *morale* of seamen.

Rev. W. B. YATES, whom I have

often alluded to in these letters, worked with his peculiar energy for fifteen years before he could convince the people of Charleston that such a school was actually benefiting their own interests, by gradually building up a complete nursery for seamen, who would, eventually, completely revolutionize the *canaille* who still ship as first-class hands in every port in the world, but when once at sea, by their incompetence and debauchery, very frequently lose the ship and swamp the owners. The Parson at last opened the eyes of the Charleston Port Society, established "for Moral and Religious Improvement of Seamen." They purchased an old brig, the *Lodebar*, for \$2,500, and commenced work in 1859. Unlike the "School-Ship" in Massachusetts, which selects the boys from the "Reform School," this Marine School only takes boys of good character, giving a preference to those who are poor. None under fifteen or even nineteen are admitted. They serve an apprenticeship of three years, being fully instructed in that time in all the branches of a common school education, and thoroughly, every day, in practical seamanship, and the more advanced in navigation. When they graduate, they are every way competent for second or even first mates. There are now forty-two boys, who cost the State about \$1,000 per annum. In 1859, the State gave this Marine School \$5,000; this city gave them \$1,200. In 1860, the State contributed \$6,000, and Charleston \$1,000. The balance was raised from private sources. The boys have such an excellent character, that fifteen of them are now in the service of the Government as couriers and mail agents for the fortifications. They are also drilled at present in infantry and gunnery tactics by one of the Trustees, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, who did the State good services in 1812. Gen. BEAUREGARD is so pleased with this nursery for seamen, that he has complimented the boys by stationing the *Lodebar* with two pieces of artillery at Newtown Out, a short distance from the city. Capt. CRIMAR has contributed largely to make this school efficient, and his wife by her gentle offices, makes the boys feel perfectly at home. I may add that



Boston's distinguished citizen, R. B. FORBES, considers this school a blessing to Charleston merchants, and has written to Parson YATES that he believes the Boston merchants would save thousands annually if they would inaugurate such a system on a large scale. Your New-York millionaires might, with advantage, imitate the Parson's example. It certainly would prove like "bread thrown on the waters." Mr. YATES will be most happy to communicate with any who wish any details of the "Marine School."

*Cor. N. Y. Daily Times.*

### Iron-Clad Ships of War.

The military master-spirits of Europe appear to have become fully convinced that iron or steel-clad vessels of war are hereafter to decide the momentous question of naval supremacy. Wooden ships are no match for the rifle cannons of modern warfare, and nations that desire to maintain a military position on the ocean must build their floating castles of sterner stuff than timber and plank. As well depend on wooden forts as on wooden vessels. Either must prove a charnel house for their brave defenders. The easy destruction of a formidable British man-of-war which grounded near Odessa during the Crimean war, by a few light shells and hot shot from a sheltered Russian battery, opened the eyes of British naval officers and the British nation to the startling truth that their boasted 'wooden walls' were no longer safe. But John Bull, exhibiting his usual inertia, was slow to seek a remedy for the serious weakness thus developed in the right arm of his power. Louis Napoleon however, fully comprehending the great consequences that hinged on this demonstration, with his wonted sagacity and energy, immediately set to work to restore war vessels to their former rank as offensive agents. One year later he confronted the fortress of Kinburn with three iron-clad ships, which captured the stronghold after a short action and without suffering any other damage than the starting of three rivets! The shot of the enemy made no more impression than hail upon their metallic assailants. As a consequence,

France has ceased building wooden ships, and is directing all her energies to the construction of steel plated frigates, of which it is said she will have nineteen afloat the coming summer. England lags, and has one launched and only six on the stocks. Austria has two building at Trieste, and Russia one on the Thames.

According to the expectations of naval authority, these vessels will be terrible engines of destruction. Impervious to shot or shell, one of them could encounter a fleet of wooden frigates with as much impunity as a seventy-four would a fleet of South Sea canoes, while the frigates would be quite as certain of destruction as the latter. Not only this, no land fortifications, it is supposed, could deter them from entering any seaport or fortified place their commanders might choose to visit. Indeed, they seem to be invulnerable, and at the same time capable of inflicting terrible punishment upon an enemy. Their cost, however, is enormous; and it is sad to think of the immense sums that will be wrung from the toiling millions of Europe during the next decade to enable its warlike powers to reconstruct its navies. The military expenditure in England alone the last year was \$133,500,000. Should England become involved in a European war, of course this enormous expenditure would be greatly increased, and the money that should be expended in improving the homes, increasing the comforts, and advancing the education of the masses, will be squandered in the brutal necessities of war, while the people must wait and suffer.

*Boston Journal.*

### Appalling Phenomena at Sea.

Old sailors accustomed to ocean life within the tropics, have many startling stories to tell of dangers incurred from sudden and unlooked for tempests, but we have never read anything quite equal to the following description of a storm caused by a volcanic eruption. It is given as a true narrative in the "Western Christian Advocate," by D. C. Wright, and we suppose, therefore, is reliable:

It was a night of pitchy darkness.

At four bells in the first watch not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails, wet by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards or flapped against the masts and rigging as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days had passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by "dead reckoning," and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought. The captain had gone below at eight bells, but feeling troubled about the portentous appearance of the weather, was unable to sleep, and was on deck again, walking nervously fore and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter-deck, looking anxiously out into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, and then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway. Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told for hours before. In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. Thus matters stood till six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick, jerking voice of the captain was then heard:

"Mr. Smalley, you may take in the light sails."

"Ay, ay, sir," and stepping to the main-mast he called out, "For'ard, there;" and was immediately answered, "For'ard, sir." "Stand by the top-gallant and flying-gib halyards."

"In a moment he heard the report, 'Ready, sir.'"

"Let go the halyards, and clew down; let go the sheets and clew up; that'll do; belay all; now jump up and furl them; be lively, lads."

While this was going on the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury still going down fast. Thoroughly aroused now, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the becket and sung out, "Hold on there; down from aloft, every man of you; call all hands." Down came the men again. "All hands ahoy," was called with great strength of voice at both the cabin and fore-castle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which

defies such description as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor readily understands. The top-sails were close-reefed, a reef taken in the mainsail, the gib, and flying-gib, and all the light sails were furled, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out, "Here it comes, sir."

"Where?" said the captain.

"Right ahead, sir."

"Hard a port your helm."

"Hard a port it is, sir."

"Brace round the yards."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The yards were braced around, and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard tack. The dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson; and there was heard, what they thought was the heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the shock. Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck, but they shrunk from the terrible onslaught like frightened children. When God speaks in those fearful storms His voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man has quailed before it. And the storm itself is scarcely more trying to one's nerves than the moment before it strikes, while men wait in dreadful suspense.

Thus those men waited till the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, and daylight was looked for as those men in the ship with Paul looked for it when they "wished for day." But the struggling light of the day seemed only to reveal the thickness of the darkness to the wondering vision. Just at daylight their ears were stunned with successive, quick reports, louder than whole broadsides from a hundred-gun ship; the whole heavens were lighted up with a fiery red light; the ocean was stirred from her profound depths; great waves, without any visible cause,



ran in the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam and spray high in the air, then parting, to meet again in tearful embrace as before; a school of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape from the strangely-troubled water; within a few cable lengths of the ship an immense column of water was thrown mast-head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara; a deep, mournful noise, like the echo of thunder among mountain caverns, was constantly heard, and none could tell whence it came; the noble ship was tossed and shaken like a plaything. "Great God, have mercy upon us!" cried officers and men. "What is this? What is coming next? Is it the day of judgment?" The royal Psalmist described them accurately. "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Soon the mystery was solved, when right before their eyes, about one league from them, there arose the rough sides of a mountain out of the yielding water, and reared its head high in air; then from its summit flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a cascade of flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth-throe of nature, and an island was born which was miles in circumference.

Two years afterward I sailed right over that place, but the placid water gave no intimation that an island had been there; yet no man has said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have thus chronicled. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

### Revival on the Orkney Islands.

A remarkable revival of religion on the Orkney Islands is progressing, much like that in Ireland. These islands are off the north of Scotland, the inhabitants mostly fishermen, and very poor. Upon them God is wondrously pouring out his Spirit, and great numbers are being made partakers of his grace. To the neighboring seaboard the work is extending, and multitudes

of the seafaring population are feeling the Spirit's power. The Orkney *Herald* further says:

"Among true christians, religion has been greatly revived. Their growth in grace is evident; not only faith, hope, and love, but deep humility, zeal and activity, with heartfelt joy, are abounding. The careless and profane have been remarkably convinced of sin, and led to cry for mercy. There is a large number of district prayer-meetings, with crowded attendance, where the people assemble, without regard to denominational distinction, and many young men who have never attended before, are now conducting the exercises with deep earnestness and solemnity."

### The Revival in Sweden.

The lowest estimate of the number of converts is 250,000. Drinking has so decreased that two-thirds of the distilleries have been closed since 1856. In the parishes near Russia, where nearly every man was guilty of smuggling, hundreds of persons refunded the duties of which they had defrauded the government. Many sold their property to obtain the money, and others paid little by little. The perplexed officers of customs laid the matter before the King, who decided that the proceeds should be distributed among the poor.

### Immigration.

The State Department has issued its formal statement in regard to the number, sex, age, and occupation of passengers arriving in the U. States, by sea, from foreign countries, during the year ending Dec. 31, 1860. The arrivals in 1860 were 179,469; of those 108,550 were males, and 70,833 females; sex not stated, 86. The number of deaths on the voyage was 222. Of the whole number of passengers, 26,051 were natives of the U. States; 13,001 of England; 48,637 of Ireland; 50,746 of Germany; 3,745 of Prussia; 5,467 of China; 1,384 of the West Indies. Greece and Malta sent 1 each; New Zealand sent 2.

Of the passengers, 173,491 stated they intended to reside in the United

States; 3,018 said nothing about it; 1,519 were bound to British America; 898 to Great Britain. Of their occupations, 11,207 were merchants; 13,033 mechanics; 21,742 farmers; 31,268 laborers; 116 lawyers; 221 physicians; 108 musicians; 27 actors, and 93,090 did not state their occupation.

The total number of passengers arriving in the United States by sea, from foreign countries, from Sept. 30, 1843, to Dec. 31, 1860, has been 4,386,441.

### Items.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**—The twenty-eighth anniversary of this Association, auxiliary to the N. York Port Society, was held at the Mariner's Church, Madison-street, Tuesday evening, Capt. E. Richardson, the President, occupied the chair, and a large audience was in attendance. In the absence of the Secretary, Capt. Elliot read the annual report, from which it appears that the Society now numbers 37,343 enrolled members, 886 of whom, have signed the pledge during the past year. The report states that during the twenty-eight years of the existence of the Society, it has proved, and is still proving, a valuable auxiliary to the New York Port Society, and through its instrumentality thousands of seamen have been redeemed from a life of intemperance, and have become members of Christian churches. At the conclusion of the report the audience was addressed by Rev. C.W. Dennison, Rev. Chas. J. Jones, Rev. Mr. McLaughlin and Capt. Elliott.

**MRS. MARY ANN PATTEN**, widow of the late Capt. Joshua Patten, died at Boston on the 18th instant of consumption. Mrs. Patten, it will be remembered by many, was the heroic wife who, some three or four years ago, nursed her sick husband when prostrated by illness and incurable blindness, and took charge of his ship—the Neptune's Car—and in spite of the officers' desire to put into Valparaiso, navigated the vessel to San Francisco, and thus saved much detention, well as expense to the underwriters. Mrs. Patten had nearly completed her twenty-fourth year.

**A MISSIONARY EXAMPLE.**—The membership of the Moravian Church, all told, is said to be only 20,000. Their contributions to the cause of Foreign Missions the last year were \$300,000, making an average of \$15 to each church-member. Their missionaries are 312, and reach in their ministrations 75,000 souls. Their stations are in Greenland, Labrador, Jamaica, Thibet, South Africa, Australia, &c.

Is not this a bright missionary example? Ought it not to excite in our Church the spirit of holy emulation? Ought not this missionary example to to put us to shame, when we think of our ability, and the little we do—not a fifteenth part as much, on the average, as our noble Moravian brethren, for the world lying in darkness? Let us all rise up to a higher standard of giving and effort, and we shall find a blessing in it.

But this does not state the case truly. The Moravians deserve high honor for their missionary spirit, but as to funds they are very largely indebted to others. Christians not of that body, especially in England, furnish a very large proportion of the money they expend, but the missionaries are all Moravians.

**THE NAVAL REGISTER** for 1861 is out. It contains on the men-of-war list, 10 line-of-battle ships; 10 sailing frigates; 21 sailing sloops-of-war; 3 sailing brigs; 1 schooner; 6 store-ships. Total, 51 sailing vessels, and 7 first-class steam-propellers; 6 second-class do.; 2 second-class (old and worn) do.; 12 steam gun-boats; 2 screw tenders; 3 first-class side-wheel steamers; 1 second-class do.; 3 third-class do.; 1 side-wheel steam tender; and 2 steam store-ships. Total, 42 steamers; 99 ships in all. About 20 of them are serviceable men-of-war, of modern stamp.

**ENGLISH NAVY.**—A parliamentary return just issued, gives the number of vessels afloat in the British navy. Of steamships there are 392 screw and 113 paddle—a total of 505; then 57 more are building or converting, and of effective sailing ships 126 are now afloat—making the enormous number of 688 fighting ships alone.



**BALTIMORE BETHEL.**—Rev. Wm. H. Laney, Chaplain of the Sailors' Bethel Mission at Baltimore, writes to the Methodist as follows, under date of the 7th inst.:—"There has been a steady and healthy work of grace at the Bethel during the Conference year; and more than half of that period we have spent in a gracious state of revival.

As nearly as we can ascertain, over one hundred persons have professed religion; ninety-five of whom have joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Bethel. A considerable portion of these were either directly or indirectly connected with a seafaring life. The converts who have remained at the Bethel, have for the most part maintained a christian deportment. The mission is in a prosperous condition, with a flourishing Sabbath-school attached, of one hundred and forty scholars. Forty-five thousand pages of religious tracts have been distributed among sailors, and two thousand one hundred and fifty-seven vessels visited."

**A SAILOR'S PRAYER.**—At a prayer-meeting for revival at one of the chapels erected by the late Barroness Barham, Newton Gower, a number of persons prayed, two that had never prayed before in public. One was an old sailor who had lately joined the little church, whose prayer drew tears from many eyes. Sailor-like, he said, "O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest I am an old sailor and an old sinner. I have been beating up and down the Channel for many a long year, exposed to many a storm and tempest. My map and chart I refused to consult. Thou hast often offered to come on board and pilot me safe, but I refused again and again; and I might have gone down an eternal wreck if Thou hadst not become my pilot; and now, through Thy mercy and grace, I believe that I shall eventually sail into the port of glory.

**THE POPE IN JERUSALEM.**—The King of Sardinia has been declared King of Italy, and Rome must be the capital of his kingdom. France has decided to keep her army a longer time in Syria. A writer in the *New York Observer* suggests that it may be for the purpose of finding a refuge for the

Pope in Jerusalem, when he flies from Rome. Gaeta has fallen into the hands of his enemies, and cannot again afford him protection, as it did in 1840. Jerusalem may become the seat of the beast.

**MR. LAYARD ON THE EVIL EXAMPLE OF SAILORS.**—Mr. Layard, Member of Parliament, in addressing a Ragged-school meeting recently at Southwark, said, if they had seen as he had, the bad effects which the bad habits and wicked conduct of the seamen, when in foreign ports, had upon the population, they would see the necessity of instilling into the minds of such as followed that occupation the truths of Christianity. He hesitated not to say that the bad conduct and vicious habits of one Englishman, in the islands of the Pacific and elsewhere, did more to vitiate the minds of the population than the teaching of all the missionaries did to improve them.

**A PLACE FOR HIM.**—A sailor, feeling inclined to go to church, entered one where the priest was holding forth upon the virtues of some St. Francis. "Shall we place him among the martyrs?" asked the orator. "No, he was greater than they. Shall we rank him with prophets and apostles? No, that would be too lowly. Shall we place him among the angels? No, no. Among the cherubim and seraphim? No, he is more worthy of honor than they." Still the preacher cried out, "Where, then, shall we place St. Francis?" Jack Tar, getting weary with this harangue about nothing, jumped up and vociferated, "Well, if you can't find any other place for him, you may stick him in my seat, for I'm going!"

**FREAKS OF MEMORY.**—A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home, and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trepanned, and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The

clockwork of the brain, un-aware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off.—*Once a Week.*

### Marine Losses for March.

We publish below our monthly list of marine losses for the past month, showing an aggregate of sixty-eight vessels, of which twelve were ships, eleven barks, nine brigs, thirty-five schooners and one sloop. The total value of property lost and missing was *Two millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.* This is the value of the property totally lost, exclusive of damage to vessels not amounting to a total loss. The vessels reported in this list are chiefly American, although some foreign are included, when bound to or from a United States port, or known to be insured in this country.

	Vessels.	Value.
Total losses for January,	42	\$1,565,000
“ “ February,	48	1,291,825
“ “ March,	68	2,125,755

Total for three months, 158 \$4,982,580

Vessels marked *a*, are abandoned at sea; those marked *b*, burned; those marked *f*, foundered; those marked *m*, missing, supposed lost; and those marked *s. c.*, sunk after collision.

#### SHIPS.

William Hammond from N. Orleans, for Cork, *a*; loss \$41,000.  
 Victory, from Callao, for Hampton Roads; loss \$57,000.  
 Masconomo, from New York, for London, *m*; loss \$65,000.  
 Judith, from Calcutta, for New Orleans; loss \$122,000.  
 Hesperus, from Liverpool, for Shanghai, *b*; loss \$96,000.  
 Hero, Whaler, of Nantucket; loss \$24,000.  
 Forest King, from New Orleans for Liverpool, *m*; loss \$242,000.  
 Danube, [Br.] from New Orleans for Liverpool; loss \$233,000.  
 Speedwell, Whaler, of Fair Haven; loss \$48,000.  
 Conquest, [Br.] from Mobile for Liverpool; loss \$297,000.  
 Columbus, [Br.] from Pensacola, for Dublin, *a*; loss \$18,000.  
 William Penn, from Baltimore, for Liverpool, *a*; loss \$180,000.

#### BARKS.

Warwick, from Cadiz for Montevideo, *s*; loss 7,000  
 Tinos, from Shanghai, for Hakodadi; loss \$25,000  
 Tom Corwin, from Boston for Cienfuegos; loss \$8,000.  
 Sabina, [Br.] from New York, for Cork, *m*; loss \$29,500.  
 Phoenix, from Honduras, for London; loss \$10,000  
 Ocean Guide, from Newport for Galveston, *a*; loss \$15,000.  
 J. B. Johnson, from Buenos Ayres, for Matanzas; loss \$9,000.  
 Louisa; loss \$8,000.  
 Ida, from Palermo, for Baltimore; loss \$12,000.  
 Delaware, Whaler, of New London; loss \$25,000

George, from New York, for Antwerp, *a*; loss \$45,000.

#### BRIGS.

Zillah, [Br.] from Boston, for Montreal, *a*; loss \$14,000.  
 Mary D. Lane, from New York, for Charleston; loss \$45,000.  
 Molunkus, from Georgetown, for Boston, *a*; loss \$7,000.  
 Macassar, [Br.] from London, for Boston, *m*; loss \$20,000.  
 John R. Dow, from Wilmington, N. C., for Providence, *a*; loss \$11,000.  
 Iris, from Cardenas, for New York; loss \$25,000  
 Johanna, [Ham.] from Newcastle, for New York, *a*; loss \$25,000.  
 Excellent, Whaler, of New Bedford; loss \$21,000  
 Adeline Sprague, from Terceira, for New York; loss \$16,000.

#### SCHOONERS.

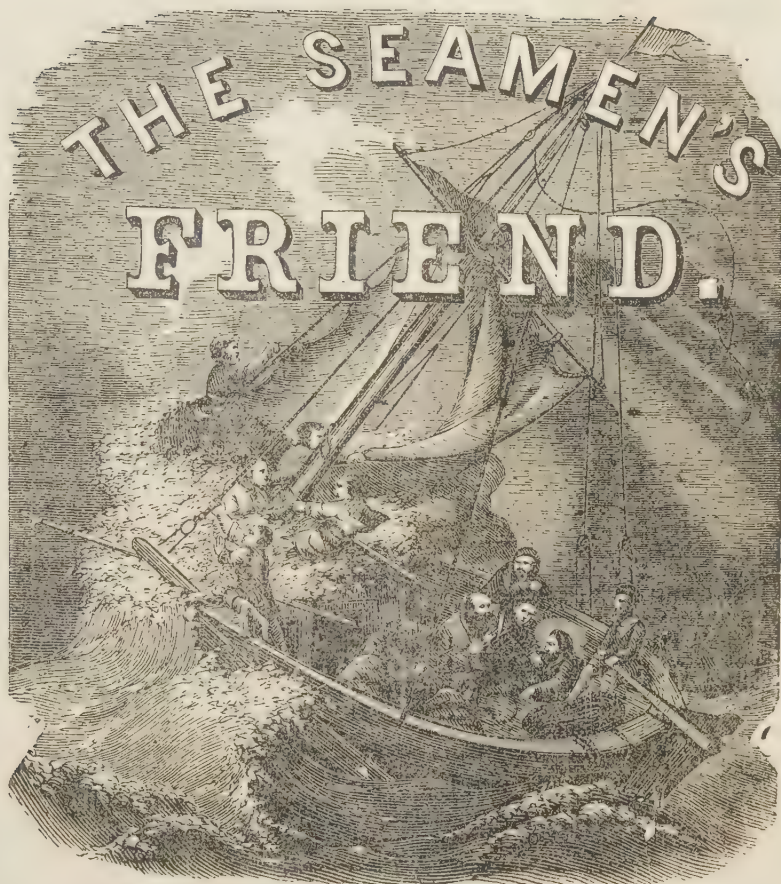
Young Sultan, from Norfolk, for New York; loss \$7,000.  
 W. H. Harrison, from Washington, N. C., for Georgetown; loss \$5,000.  
 William Mason, from Atakapas, for Baltimore, *S. C.*; loss \$32,000  
 White Swallow, Fisherman, of Gloucester, *m*; loss \$2,975.  
 Wren, [Br.] from Matanzas, for New York, *a*; loss \$14,000.  
 Vienna, from Lubeck, via Pt. Morant, for Sav-la-Mar; loss \$7,000.  
 Susan Baker, from Elizabethport, for Saco; loss \$4,500.  
 Science, from North Haven, Me., for Georgetown, *a*; loss \$2,900.  
 Sarah Ann, from Maine; loss \$3,500.  
 Susan Hall, from Inagua for Boston; loss \$4,500.  
 Rialto, from Machias, for Boston; loss \$3,000.  
 Rough & Ready, from New York for Philadelphia, loss \$3,000.  
 Susan Young, Fisherman, of Gloucester, *m*; loss \$2,275.  
 St. Cloud, from New York for Salem; loss \$3,000.  
 Sarah Hibband, from Florida, for New York; loss \$4,000.  
 Palestine, from San Francisco, for Mendocina; loss \$7,000.  
 Potomac, from Jacksonville, for Boston, *a*; loss \$4,500.  
 Mary D. Babson, of Gloucester; loss \$3,500.  
 Mary Kingsland, from New York, for Florida; loss \$2,000.  
 N. H. Stanwood, Fisherman of Gloucester, *m*; loss \$4,000.  
 L. B. Ferguson, from Philadelphia for Charleston, loss \$4,000.  
 Julia Fox, from Savannah, for New York, *a*; loss \$12,500.  
 John Boston, from New York, for Mobile; loss \$85,000  
 I Tell-ye, of Swampscott; loss \$3,000.  
 Ida Mailler, from Norfolk, for Savannah; loss \$8,000.  
 Hibernia, from Wiscasset, for Boston; loss \$2,000  
 Hiawatha, from St. Thomas, for Inagua; loss \$4,000.  
 Fennimore Cooper, from Peiho River; \$10,000.  
 Enterprise, from Nantucket, for Boston; \$2,500.  
 D. P. Gale of Gloucester; loss \$4,000.  
 C. S. Lochman, from Franklin, for Baltimore, *a*; loss \$20,000.  
 L. Waterbury, from St. Marks, for New York; loss \$9,000.  
 Cactus, from Brazos, for New York; loss \$65,000  
 General Harrison, from Great Egg Harbor, for New York; loss \$3,500.  
 Thomas G. Pratt, of Accomac; loss \$1,000.

#### SLOOP.

Georgiana, of New Bedford; loss \$800.

*Courier & Enquirer.*





[CHRIST IN THE STORM.]

[MATT VIII: 24, 25.]

### Anniversary.

For the first time since the National Societies left the old Tabernacle, are they to come together again in one place for their Anniversaries this year. The meetings commence Monday evening the 6th of May, at Irving Hall, corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifteenth Street, nearly opposite the Academy of Music.

Monday evening, at 7½ o'clock, the Thirty-Third Anniversary of the Amer-

ican Seamen's Friend Society will take place. Rev. A. H. Leonard of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John B. Gough, and Rev. A. A. Willits are expected to address the meeting.

On Sabbath evening, May 5th, the Anniversary sermon will be delivered by Rev. James Eells, in the Ref'd Dutch Church, on the Heights, corner Pierrepont and Henry Streets, Brooklyn. Services to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

The friends of the cause are invited to attend these services.

IRVING HALL,  
ANNIVERSARY WEEK, 1861.

MONDAY.

*Evening*—Am. Seamen's Friend Soc'y.

TUESDAY.

*Morning*—Am. & For. Christian Union.

*Afternoon*—N. Y. Sunday School Union.

*Evening*—“ “ “ “

WEDNESDAY.

*Morning*—American Tract Society.

*Afternoon*—Am. Tract Soc'y of Boston.

*Evening*—Am. Home Missionary Soc.

THURSDAY.

*Morning*—American Bible Society.

*Afternoon*—

*Evening*—N. Y. State Colonization Soc.

FRIDAY.

*Morning*—Am. Board of Com. for Foreign Missions.

*Afternoon*—

*Evening*—Five Points House of Industry.

**Marine Insurance.**

A distinguished Doctor of Divinity said in our hearing not long ago: "I regard the American Seamen's Friend Society as the best Insurance agency on earth." No one will wonder at this remark who reflects that, while Marine Insurance Companies, as such, concern themselves with material interests—ships and cargoes—this Society seeks to save, and improve, and insure the men who navigate the ships and take care of the cargoes.

This view, no doubt, has its influence with these very companies, some of which re-insure their risks by annual contributions to sustain this Society

We commend this thought to the consideration of Shipowners. Your donation to this Society is a good investment.

**A good Investment.**

Just as the views presented in the foregoing article may be, we do not believe they furnished the prevailing motive to the donation of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) from a Christian friend, largely interested in shipping, whose generous and timely aid we now gratefully acknowledge.

Five Captains of vessels are thus constituted Life-Members of the American Seamen's Friend Society. We suppose they are, or have been, in the service of the donor.

This gentleman also takes care that his vessels are furnished with our well-selected libraries.

In the letter accompanying his donation he says: "I rejoice to see the notices of the great work of grace going on among the men of the sea, and hope that it may be greatly prolonged."—We rejoice in his joy, and to his wish we respond, AMEN!

**"Why dont you ask the Sailors?"**

So said a gentleman to an officer of the American Seamen's Friend Society, who was lamenting the emptiness of the Treasury and the indebtedness of the Society. "They have money," he continued; "They are free and generous with it: they have derived much benefit from your Society, in various ways: if they know how great your needs, they would gladly bear a hand for your help."

We believe all these to be true sayings, and therefore we resolved to "ask the Sailors."

Dear friends, the American Seamen's Friend Society is just what its name imparts. It was formed by your friends; it is managed by your friends: it has been supported by your friends for these thirty three years.



It is your Society. It belongs to you. All its plans are laid, its measures adopted, its work performed, at home and abroad, for your benefits and your's alone. For you its Home was built, since which time nearly sixty thousand sailors have been received into it, many of them shipwrecked and destitute. These have been cared for there without money or price.

For you this Society has sent out its Chaplains to some of our own ports and to foreign lands. It is their business to provide Bethels, and preach to you in them, as well as on deck; to visit you on shipboard and in the Hospital, and in all practicable ways to labor for your good.

For you it publishes this Magazine; For you it puts libraries in the fore-castle; For you it preaches, and for you it prays; and for your welfare it watches and strives. It tries to gain friends for you everywhere; It pleads for you with owners, captains and officers; It bears you on its heart while you live; It helps to bury you and mourns for you dead; It does not forget your families. Now if any body outside of your own families has a claim on you, surely this Society has. Is it not so?

Yes, some of you have money; some of you spend that money foolishly, and some sinfully; could you make a better use of part of it than in helping this Society? Some of you have been converted through its instrumentalities. Do you not owe it a debt of gratitude? A pious captain told us a few days since, he made \$1,500 for himself and \$18,000 for his owners on his last voyage, and has saved \$5,000 in five years. Have you love for the souls of brother sailors?

We know some captains who have retired from business and are rich. Do not forget your brethren of the sea who are poor. You know their hard-

ships and sufferings. Do not forget *the Society that takes care of them.* Don't forget S. BROWN, asst. Treasurer  
80 Wall St.

### The work of Grace among Seamen.

It is some weeks since we have alluded to the religious interest which has for a long time past prevailed among the men of the sea, but we rejoice to know and to communicate the intelligence that this work is still going on with unabated powers, both on land and sea.

#### THE WORK ON SHIPS OF WAR.

On a late occasion Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Mariners' Church, gave some very interesting statements in the Ful-tonstreet meeting, from letters received from ships of war of the American navy. From three belonging to the Gulf squadron now stationed off Pensacola, the news is very cheering. In each of these is held a daily prayer meeting. There is a most earnest interest on the subject of religion, and some conversions are taking place from time to time. On one of these ships the pious seamen are in the habit of meeting in the most secluded and noiseless part of the ship—a dark place away from every body—the "Shaft Alley." Here they pour out their hearts to God without the fear of molestation. On all these ships the implements of warfare are at hand, and almost nightly they are called to be in readiness for an attack. Yet in the midst of all, the Prince of Peace is making conquests unto himself in the conversion of souls, and prayer goes up that these vessels of war may be vessels of peace.

He said also that he had received letters from the Niagara, when at Kanagawa, Japan, giving a detailed account of a sailor's prayer meeting, held by 25 pious sailors on shore, in an idol's temple. It was a most animating meeting, and these devoted men of the sea thought that the glorious times of the millenium were just at hand, when this could be done—a sailors' prayer meeting held in a heathen temple.

Cheering news [was also communi-

cated from some of the ships in the African squadron, and some of the men had signified their intention of leaving the sea as soon as possible, to enter on a course of preparation for the Gospel ministry. One or two had already done so.

#### CONVERSION OF A MATE: HIS LABORS.

Mr. Huntington, the devoted missionary chaplain of the Episcopal Beth-el Church at the foot of Pike street, gave an account of the conversion of a mate in the commercial marine. He said that this mate was so distinguished for his barbarous cruelty and ferocity, that he was called "the knock down mate," because he was sure to knock a man down who offended him. This man while in port lately was awakened. He went to sea in a state of mental anguish. He was at length hopefully brought to submit himself wholly to the claims of Jesus. The change in him was an astonishment to all. Nothing could be more wonderful or unexpected. It was the change of the lion to the lamb. He said he had lately heard from "the knock down mate," and now he is engaged in leading a prayer meeting every night on board the vessel in which he is second officer. This surely is a wonderful triumph of divine grace. And what is characteristic of the sailor, as soon as he is converted he goes to work for Christ.

#### PRAYER MEETINGS ON SHORE.

Two daily morning prayer meetings are held in this city, and one of these has been maintained for more than three years. These meetings are sometimes fully and sometimes thinly attended,—fluctuating with the ebbing and flowing of the tide of seamen in the city. There are continually conversions taking place, in connexion with these meetings, from among those "who go down to the sea in ships and do business upon the great waters."

The Sailor's Home prayer meeting is attended with unabated interest. Last Saturday evening we attended the meeting, and upon entering found every seat occupied, and a large crowd in attendance. For an hour and a half we listened to such religious experiences and exhortations, and songs of praise as can be heard no where else but among the men of the sea. There

is a heartiness and fervor and earnest boldness, such as are not often witnessed among other christians. One thing is very remarkable in their christian experiences. Amid the wonderful variety in the forms of expressions which they use—showing that there is no attempt at imitation—they all agree in ascribing the highest praise and glory to Christ Jesus, as the author and finisher of their faith and salvation. It is deeply affecting to hear them in their endeavors to bestow honors upon his precious name, and express their gratitude, joy and peace, flowing from their sense of the fulness and freeness of the salvation that they have found in him. No matter how they may have been religiously educated, or whether they have had any religious training at all, one thing is very certain—they are brought to believe that all their salvation is of Christ. Their songs of praise, their prayers, and their narrations of experience are full of unbounded joy and hope in Christ, and of ascriptions of praise to him. We confess to tearful eyes and a melting heart, as we listened to the broken and stammering English of some who were foreign born, as they poured out their hearts to Christ Jesus, in gratitude and praise for what he had done for them.

It is at once evident that these unlettered, untutored men have been richly and abundantly taught to know Christ by the illuminations and teachings of the Holy Spirit.

The meeting closed at a rather late hour, being detained by one and another asking to tell what the Lord had done for them before separation—as some were going to sea, and not expecting another opportunity to speak for Christ.

"I must stand up for Jesus" said the last speaker, using very broken English. "It may be my last stand. Oh! how thankful I am that I ever came to this country. I went to church in my own country, and I thought that was all. But here I have found Christ. Going to church is nothing without we find Christ. Blessed be God! I have found him. Oh! how precious he is to me: a great Saviour for a great sinner."

LIBERALITY.—In taking up a collec-



tion in a Sabbath-school, our friend Headly, of Morristown, recited the following address of a negro preacher: "Brethren, don't be afraid to give; although I have known many Churches to die of stinginess, I have never known any to die of liberality; if any of you have heard of such a Church, let me know, for I would like to make a pilgrimage to it by moonlight, and while the stars are looking down upon me and the moon is smiling on her throne, I would raise my hands over its moss-covered roof and say: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"

### Missionaries from Sea to Sea.

The attention of Christians cannot be too often called to the fact, that pious sailors are the most efficient and economical subordinate agents that the church can employ in carrying the gospel into all the world. They can act at points where neither missionaries nor colporteurs would be allowed to labor. Their errand is one of commerce, carrying them into all the world, and if they have the love of Christ in their heart they will not fail of saying a word for the captain of their salvation. It is gratifying to know that they delight in doing this, and that with willing hands they are striving to build up what once they did so much to destroy.

As an illustration of the world-wide usefulness of sailors in spreading the gospel, we make a brief extract from a late report of Mr. J. S. Pierson, the Marine Agent of the New York Bible Society, who supplies the vessels which sail out of the port of New York.

The above from the *Religious Herald*, Hartford, Ct., is a suitable introduction to the subjoined extracts from Mr. Pierson's Report which we continue from the last No. of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

"Had a call from A. J——, a pious Danish sailor, whose whole soul seems bound up in working for his Master. He is accustomed to labor on shore among seamen, the poor of the Five Points, or wherever there seems to be an opening, at his own charges, often buying testaments and tracts to give

away, as long as his money and clothes last; then he goes to sea for a few months, to earn the means of support for another campaign. *This man has repeatedly refused a mate's berth, for which he is capable, because it removed him from what he considers his peculiar sphere of missionary labor—the forecabin.* He gave me an interesting account of the distribution of my supplies on the bark Elizabeth last year, at Rosario, a port some 100 miles or so above Buenos Ayres on the La Plata. A vessel of war of Buenos Ayres sent a boat load of men on board their bark to help haul up the anchor. Through them he managed to supply the motley crew of the frigate, a mixture of Germans, French, Italians, and other nations, with reading in a variety of languages, much to their satisfaction."

"J—— Is just now back from a visit to Denmark, his native country, where he used all the moments of his short stay to do missionary work among the country people around his former home. \* \* \* He seems to be consumed with the desire to go back and preach Christ from door to door of the homes of these poor people, whom he describes as ready to listen, sheep without a shepherd.—Some favored one among God's stewards could make, it seems to me, no better use of a couple of hundred dollars yearly, than to furnish the food and clothing (he asks nothing more) needed to put this really laborious and faithful missionary in so promising a field."

[This man has within the past month, by the aid of a few Christian friends in New York, gone to labor in his chosen field, among his old neighbors and friends, at Dragoe, Amager Island, and its vicinity in Denmark.—Ed.]

"Jan.—On the British brig *Enterprise*, bound to Nova Scotia, I was shown by the steward, a pious young Englishman, a stock of Bibles, nearly filling his berth, some \$50 worth, which he had bought on credit from the American Bible Society, for circulation among the poor fishing and seafaring population of Nova Scotia.—When at leisure, he colports these from house to house, selling at cost or

less as he can obtain, paying the deficit out of his own pocket. He states that \$40 of his own wages had gone in this way during the last summer."

A sailor's piety is of necessity aggressive. It must be of a genuine and hardy growth to subsist at all in the fore-castle. If it raises its head there, it must be prepared for war, for it will at once have to meet the attacks of ridicule and persecution on every hand. It must try to convert others in self-defence. This hand to hand work is what the sailor engages for, when he becomes a Christian. A pious Danish Sailor expressed this much as follows, while stating his disappointment at not having the good religious time he had expected, when he shipped with a pious captain, "Ah! it is no use, this making comfortable berths for ourselves, away from the world. It is plain that the Lord does not intend it. When we attempt to get together to enjoy ourselves, he scatters us, and puts us where there is work to do for him.—Some of the sweetest times I have ever had religiously, have been when I was the only Christian man in the fore-castle. Hereafter I shall take vessels as they come; good or bad as God sends them!"

In further illustration of the boldness and self-reliance which characterizes a sailor's piety, I may mention the case of a Norwegian sailor, P. L., by name, converted on an American vessel at Cadiz, a year ago, who, on joining a bark at Glasgow, for a voyage to New York, found himself the only christian on board; yet did not hesitate to hoist his colors, and begin a daily prayer meeting in the fore-castle. The result was a general seriousness in the crew, and a deep conviction of sin in three of them, which continued up to the time he left them, at the end of the voyage.

#### THE CONVERTED CAPTAIN.

August 30.—"Ah! I am a different man," said Capt. B. of the bark —, just arrived from Rio, "from the one you saw two years ago." "I am glad to hear it," said I, "where did the change happen?" "There, on that sofa, where I lay for forty days. I nursed several captains through the yellow fever at Rio when I was there

voyage before last, and when I got fairly to sea, I was taken down myself; though not with yellow fever. For forty days I was so weak that I could not get upon deck, and occupied myself with reading. I read all your books and tracts, and finally took to the Bible. One day it came upon me like a flash, what sort of a man I had been, and what my duty was, in the simple words of the Bible, to '*believe and be baptized.*' The former I was enabled to do on the spot; the latter I determined to do as soon as I arrived in port. When we got to New York, I said to the Doctor, 'Send me some minister who can instruct me, for I am more sick in soul than in body.' He sent the Rev. Mr. —, and I am now a member of his church in —. I have ever since been a happy man; for I keep my colors flying, and when I meet my old associates, I let them know where I stand, and they soon give over soliciting me." \* \* \*

#### New York Port Society.

*To the Board of Managers of the Port Society:*

GENTLEMEN:—The increased labors of the past month, have left me without time to make anything like an extended report of them. But blessed be God I can say that the labor has not been in vain in the Lord. This is manifest in the increased attendance at the morning prayer-meeting, and in the great good which has resulted from it. In the latter part of the month the number was much larger than in the earlier part, as many as fifty being present at one time. And scarce a meeting has passed that we have not seen the tear of penitence steal down the cheek, or the countenance glowing with joy, as a result of the sense of pardoned sin.

It was my privilege last month to speak of the preciousness of the correspondence from our brethren abroad. This month the tidings from the sea are full of comfort. On board the U. S. ships *St. Louis, Brooklyn and Sabine*, in the Gulf Squadron, a work of grace is going on that is full of encouragement. In all these vessels there appears to be an interest awakened among the men that promises large results. The brethren are all anxious-



ly pleading with us to bear them up at all times at the Throne of Grace in prayer. A Lieutenant in one of the vessels of the Gulf Squadron writes thus:

"There is again evidences that God is answering the prayers of our friends. The berth-deck Prayer-meeting, which has toiled on under so many adverse circumstances, begins again to be largely attended, and, which is still better, several who have wandered far away seem to have come to themselves."

A brother on board another of those ships writes: "Our evening meetings have been better attended than usual. Two of the soldiers have manifested an interest in their soul's salvation.—Our captain has granted us permission to have a light. We all feel more interested in the cause of Christ, and are waiting patiently for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. May God grant it, is our earnest prayer. We kindly ask you to remember us in all your addresses at the throne of grace. Ask all on shore to pray for us."

I will not detain you with any further extracts, but trust that the request of these brethren may be heartily responded to by the members of the Board.

The labors of the month foot up as follows: Visits 48; meetings attended 35; sermons and addresses 15; funerals attended 2. Three hundred and thirty-two persons have called upon me on business, of whom one hundred and five were seamen; eight of this number have signed the pledge. I have received 71 letters, and written 74 and four articles for the press; distributed 24 volumes, 2 Bibles and 4 Testaments. Four inquirers have called upon me; six hopeful conversions have occurred, and eighteen more have been heard from through the correspondence. Seven children have been baptized. Two persons have been received on probation, eight on a profession of faith, four have been dismissed at their own request, and two deceased. All of which is respectfully submitted. CHAS. J. JONES, *Pastor*.

REPORT OF CAPT. S. ELLIOTT.

To the Board of Directors of the N. Y. P. Soc'y:

GENTLEMEN:—Being again called upon to give you a report of my labors

during the past month, I can truly say that the evidences of the love and mercy of God to the men of the sea are neither few nor small. For in this port, they are so hedged round with the people of God and the means of grace, that whether they sit at home or walk by the way, the gospel is sounded in their ears, and the word of God is put into their hands, and each and every day they are solicited to attend the house of prayer.

God is also showing his love and mercy, in turning many of them from the error of their ways to serve the living God. We have the positive evidence of this in the fact that every day there are those at our meetings who are anxious for their souls.

Taking into consideration the small number of seamen in port, our meetings have been well attended, and most of them of a deeply interesting character. It is there we get the christian experience in its most simple and touching form, from men who, for the most part of their lives, are shut out from intercourse with the world, and whose ideas are of the most simple kind; and when they talk of Jesus it is the outgushing of a warm heart under the influences of the Holy Spirit.

Our morning prayer meeting seems to be increasing in interest, as it also does in numbers as seamen arrive in port, and God makes his presence to be felt among us. At every meeting there are requests for prayer, both for those present and for relatives and friends that are absent, and God is being pleased to answer those prayers in some cases in a remarkable manner. I will mention one case. A sister who joined the church a short time since, has a number of times requested prayer for her husband then away at sea, that God would return him safe back and convert his soul. He returned about ten days since, and the first morning after his return he came to the prayer-meeting, and at the close he arose and requested to be prayed for. When the meeting was over he accompanied me to my office, he was under deep conviction and said he was a very wicked man and a great drunkard; that the last time he was at home he had squandered all his money

for liquor, instead of giving it to his wife, and had gone to sea leaving her almost destitute; but now, by God's help, he would lead a new life. After I had prayed with him he signed the pledge, and purchased a Bible, and is now attending all the means of grace, and earnestly seeking the Lord.

We have quite a number attending our meetings at this time who are under conviction. To God be all the praise.

I have visited 158 boarding houses; conversed with 673 seamen; visited 13 families; administered the pledge to 32 persons; joined in prayer with 141 persons; attended 63 meetings; made several visits to the hospital; 146 seamen have called at my office.

Respectfully submitted.

S. ELLIOTT, *Missionary.*

New York, April 1, 1861.

### Canada Foreign Missionary Society.

The third Annual Report of this Society has been laid upon our table.

The operations of this Society are mainly directed to the Labrador coast, where they are supporting the Rev. C. C. Carpenter, whose mission has excited no little interest in Massachusetts, and to which the Am. S. F. Society and its friends have contributed. Indeed, at the last Annual Meeting, Mr. John Dougall (one of the Committee), said that their Society was a connecting link between the Christians of Canada and the United States. The Committee and the field were Canadian; the missionary and most of the fishermen who crowded the coast in the summer season were Americans. The New England churches so far as they were acquainted with the mission, took a deep interest in it, and a deputation from Canada to collect for it, would, he had reason to believe, be well received everywhere, especially in New England.

It was a pleasing fact that the American Scientific Expedition to the North, under Professor Chadborne, made the mission-station its rendezvous: and that a number of its mem-

bers staid there for pursuit of the objects of the Expedition, while the main party proceeded to Greenland. Thus, as often before, science has been indebted to missions, and missions in their turn have received benefits from science.

There had been difficulties, it has appeared by the Missionary's report, in getting the mission-house on Caribou Island completed; and the winter house on Esquimaux River had not been built, on account of delays in procuring the materials for constructing it, and the sickness of the man who was to build it. The Missionaries have therefore to pass the winter on the island, exposed to all the sea storms. This is, however, on the great Coomatic or dog-sleigh road, along the coast, and the opportunity, therefore, of seeing travellers and distributing tracts will be better than farther inland. They will also have more room to receive pupil boarders for the winter than in the proposed winter-house. There have been expended on the mission-houses this year \$1,593.78, which, added to \$1,366.75 last year, make, as their cost so far, \$2,960.53. The other expenses of the mission—provisions, salary, furniture, travelling expenses—are \$2,122.20. A considerable amount has, it thus appears, been spent upon it; but your Board are persuaded that nowhere could the same amount be expended in the setting up of a complete missionary establishment likely to be followed by more satisfactory results. They appeal for help to sustain this mission on behalf of the long-neglected shoremen of the coast, and Esquimaux of the interior. They appeal to Christians of Canada and the United States to aid it on behalf of the many seamen hailing from both countries, who resort, year by year, to the waters which surround the mission island. On this ground also, if need be, they may appeal to Christians in Britain, many of whose seamen meet there with those of this continent. How cheering the thought, that, in this out-of-the-way region, those who have come from the east and the west, to these northern fishing grounds, have there offered to them the pearl of great price,—the Gospel of Salvation! And your Board trust that these considerations, chief



of which is the duty of making known the Gospel of Salvation to those who need it, wheresoever we may find them, of whatsoever nationality they may be, will secure such measure of help as will not only free this mission of debt, but will place it in a position of permanent usefulness.

The Rev. R. J. Spalding, of Newburyport, a warm supporter of the Mission, writes:—

"We are thinking much of the two disciples of Jesus in their dreary residence, as the cold winter imprisons them, and shuts us out. Our fishermen have all returned; but one disabled vessel; and the men speak in generous terms of Mr. Carpenter and Miss Brodie."

These documents suffice to show the value of this Mission, and its worthiness of the support it requires.

### A Pleasant Postscript.

A letter from East Gloucester, Mass. to our Assistant Treasurer, has the following item:

P.S. We have a revival here. Stout-hearted seamen are bending to the will of God, and have a new song in their mouth."

So the sons of the sea come from the East and the West.

REVIVAL AMONG SEAMEN.—An interesting work of grace has been witnessed in Gloucester during the last two months. Many sea-faring men have rejoiced in hope, and it has been delightful to the friends of Christ to hear those hardy sons of the ocean tell of the powerful working of the Holy Spirit in their hearts."

### Cheering Words.

It is always pleasant to find one's labors appreciated. We have no greater joy than to be able to commend ourselves to all of every name who love Christ, our Lord and theirs.

EDITOR OF SEAMEN'S FRIEND,

Dear Sir:—I return you many thanks for your interesting and very valuable magazine. I find it exceedingly useful to me in a variety of ways, and regret

that it is not in my power to distribute it extensively among the sailors at this port.

Wishing you God speed, I remain, very faithfully yours, in Christ,

SEPTIMUS JONES,

*P. E. Mis'y to Sea., Port of Philad'a.*

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Lahaina, Sandwich Islands.

REV. S. E. BISHOP, *Chaplain.*

We give below a part of a letter of our chaplain which was written on the 28th of January. It gives a touching account of the sufferings and perils to which the hardy sons of the Sea are frequently subjected, and which entitle them to the sympathies and benevolent regards of their brethren of the land, who so largely reap the benefits of their toils and privations. Will not our readers lift up their prayers in their behalf, and help us to give them the glorious gospel which may be a safeguard and comfort in storm and wreck?

"Our Fall fleet of whalers was unusually small, yet large enough to occupy all my means of labor while it continued. The last ship sailed more than a month ago. It is nearly time for the spring fleet to begin.

One of our most welcome visitors, was mate of a ship, a very devoted, warm hearted Methodist, who loved to come to prayer-meeting, and to speak and pray there. He loved to tell how the Lord had striven with him while in his sins, through the means of his pious wife, and pastor; how he had refused to come forward for prayers, but at length yielded, and how the Lord had helped and blessed him from that day. He was a very happy sort of Christian. He would often tell his brother the captain, when they came in together: "Now, you are going to be converted Joshua, and no mistake. I'm praying for you. You are bound to come in." By the way, this man was a very popular officer with his men. Religion of the right kind never hurts discipline.

In one of my visits on shipboard, I fell into a conversation with the cap-

tain, and staid till near dark, hearing him relate his adventures when cast away at sea, and in a starving condition. The first time, he and his boat's crew (he was then mate), became separated from the ship by a squall, and failed to regain her. They finally put the boat off for the Marquesas Is., the nearest land to leeward. They were 17 days on the passage, during which they endured indescribable pangs of hunger and thirst. A few pounds of bread was all their food save an occasional bird or fish, and a few pints of water.

They caught a very little rain water. They constantly wet their clothes with sea water, which afforded relief, but were compelled to resort to loathsome expedients. So parched were their mouths, that as my informant said, no water ever passed his throat, as he held it in his mouth for a few moments, till it was absorbed. They were without quadrant, chart, or navigating tables; but the mate knew the declination, the sun being on the tropic, and he and the carpenter with their knives, constructed a wooden quadrant, with which they obtained the altitude so exactly, that by daily observations they became aware of a considerable variation in the compass which actually existed. They landed on the Northernmost of the Marquesas group, where they found passage to Tahiti. There my informant embarked in an orange schooner for San Francisco. She capsized in a squall and he found himself again repeating his late hardships. This time there were a large company on a raft, for 21 days, with some food, but suffering thirst. He bore it better than the others. They at length reached the Paumotu group. Such are the experiences of sailors, few of which are ever recorded.

The whaleship "Paulina" went ashore here on the night of Nov. 14th. A blow from the South came up suddenly at midnight; not a captain was aboard ship. The "Paulina" was near shore, and happened to be very short-handed. It was extremely dark, and she dragged faster than was supposed; the cable was paid out to its end; then the best bower let go, which parted immediately. Before the few hands could get sail on, she touched, and soon was high on the reef. The other ships

rode safely enough at their anchors. This is the first ship ever wrecked here by stress of weather. It was a sad sight to see a noble ship lying like a dead corpse with the breakers flying over her. But not so sad as to see human souls wretched as we see many every year on this beach, hopelessly stranded in beastly degradation. One such I buried a few days ago, whom I had often and vainly sought to rouse to reform and repentance; whom a mother's letters and prayers had followed out here in vain. When he was dying, a friend proposed to call in the Chaplain. He said, "no don't speak of it. It is like fire to me." Yet had I known his state, I would have tried once more to lead him back to the Father's house.

### Hong-Kong, China.

REV. JAS. C. BEECHER, *Chaplain.*

In a letter of January 14th, our chaplain announces that, under convictions of duty, he was about to relinquish his post, which he has held for about five years. He does this very reluctantly. He was intending to sail in February in the "Comet," or in the "Flying Scud," and may be expected to arrive about the middle of May. He says:

"I leave the Chapel in good repair, and hope to secure its continuance.— It grieves me deeply to resign prospects of usefulness; to give up plans which for four years and more have been ever in view. Should my life be spared I trust to be of service to the cause in which my first ministry has been spent; and wherever my future pastorate may be, I am sure the Society will find an earnest and sincere co-laborer in its former chaplain. It is hard to say "Thy will be done," when the course of Providence is so opposite to that which seems to promise good results."

### Fulton St. Prayer-Meeting.

One day the leader of the meeting said he had requests for prayer to present from a man-of-war at Rio de Ja-



neiro; another from the Pacific coast, coming also from a man-of-war; another from the African squadron; one from the Gulf squadron, and so from various parts of the world, all come telling us of the prosperity of their prayer meetings, and asking us to pray for them.

He was followed by an old sea captain, who told of a revival on one of our merchant ships, and the conversion of nearly all her officers, and more than half her crew, who had made a public profession of religion, and strong hopes were entertained that the balance of the crew would be converted.

### Prize-Fighter turned Preacher.

The preacher, Richard Weaver, is thus described in an English newspaper:

A new preacher, by name Richard Weaver, formerly a prize-fighter and a collier in the North, has appeared in London, and is producing very deep and wide-spread impressions by open-air addresses, on large masses of the population. He was announced first of all by a handbill, to preach and "sing" at the Cumberland Market. And "sing," as well as "preach," he can to the melting down of hundreds.

One night, addressing a number of poor men and women on the words, "They shall return to Zion with songs," he said: "I was always fond of singing; I believe I was born to sing; but the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now."

"O my dear men, you sing, 'Britons never, never shall be slaves;' but what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord!"

"I used to sing, 'We won't go home till morning;' the landlord loves to hear that. I've sung it five nights together, and spent seventy dollars on one spree, and got turned out at the end. But I've learned better songs: I'll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here's one:

'O happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God.'

And here's another:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emanuel's veins.'

The speaker quoted with wonderful rapidity, but without the semblance of

irreverence, at least a dozen hymns, or portions of hymns, some of which he sung, the meeting taking up the chorus. Then he related the following anecdote, with a pathos and tenderness of voice and manner which told how affectionate a heart and delicate a mind may be developed, by the grace of God, in a man employed in the hardest work, and once addicted to the grossest vice.

"I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes, and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came to dinner he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb: she had had an apoplectic fit, and the doctor said she could not live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and as he leaned over his dying darling, she said, 'Daddy sing

'Here is no rest—is no rest!'

'No, my child, I can't sing, I'm choking: I can't sing.' 'O do, daddy, sing 'Here's no rest.' The poor fellow tried to sing (*preacher sings*),

'Here on earth as a stranger I roam,  
Here is no rest—is no rest!'

But his voice could not make way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl, (*preacher sings*),

'Here are afflictions and trials severe,  
Here is no rest—is no rest!  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,  
Yet I am blest—I am blest!'

Again his voice was choked with weeping, but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy, sing 'Sweet is thy promise.' And the poor father goes on again,

'Sweet is thy promise I read in thy word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,  
They have been called to receive their reward,  
There there is rest—there is rest!'

'That's it, daddy,' cried the child, 'that's it;' and with her arms round the collier's neck she died happy in the lord."

We cannot describe the thrilling effect of Mr. Weaver's singing in the

midst of preaching, it is so natural, so free from everything like premeditation or aiming at effect.

It is said that from forty to fifty persons were hopefully converted by one appeal. One of these cases was that of a careless young sailor, brought to the meeting by his mother, and on this Weaver founded the appeal: "O mother's go on praying for ever; never mind what they are or where they are; if any prayers reach heaven a mother's do. Eight years ago the news sounded from heaven to the poor old woman in Shropshire, 'Richard Weaver is born again!'"

### Hospital Money.

Every seaman, of whatever grade or capacity, in the commercial marine of the United States, pays into its treasury, as his trustee, the sum of twenty cents per month for "hospital money," and the Federal Government disburses this ever-accruing "trust-fund" in providing hospitals, medicines, medical stores and physicians for the treatment and cure of sick and disabled seamen—but it is the money of the sailor which foots the bill in every instance. The hardy sailor, while combatting the storms and pestilence of every sea on the globe, is ever contributing to this fund—this self-providing hospital fund, of which the Government is but the custodian, and the President the dispenser.—*The Century*.

And yet poor Jack is often treated in a most *inhospitable* way, when sick and worn out. God grant that he may at last make port in the haven above! There the inhabitants never say "I am sick," but sorrow and sighing are known no more, and God shall wipe away all tears from all faces.—Come brother sailor,—

"Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away."

### Died.

March 23d, 1861, at Cairo, N. Y., Mrs. MATTHEW SAYRE, aged 65 years.

Mrs. Sayre was the wife of Capt. MATTHEW SAYRE, who, for several years was the acceptable Superintendent of

the Sailor's Home in New York. Mrs. Sayre will be held in affectionate remembrance by many of the sons of the sea, who have received her motherly counsels, and her many kind attentions to their various wants.

### Receipts for March, 1861.

<b>MAINE.</b>	
Gorham, Congregational Church,	18 23
<b>NEW HAMPSHIRE.</b>	
Chester, First Congregational Church,	14 00
Exeter, First Congregational Church,	38 23
Lyndboro, H. O. Bontell,	1 00
Plainfield, A Friend to the Sailor,	3 00
<b>MASSACHUSETTS.</b>	
Cohasset, Congregational Church,	18 80
Ladies S. F. Society, Ship Library	10 00
Conway, Legacy of the late Mrs. Sarah H. Adams, Geo. M. Adams, Ex'r,	100 00
Centre Abington, Congregational Ch.,	25 00
Dalton, Congregational Church,	7 50
East Abington, Congregational Church,	23 00
Fitchburg, Susan Keys,	1 00
A Friend, for Ship Library,	14 53
Gardner, First Congregational Church,	10 00
Hadley, First Congregational Church,	6 00
Lee, Congregational Church,	42 75
Medford, First Congregational Church,	14 58
Marlboro, Cong'l Ch., to const. Rev. G. N. Anthony, L. M.,	27 00
North Marlboro, Cong'l Church, [bal.] to const. Abraham Perkins, L. M.,	4 83
A Friend, X. Y. Z.,	30 00
Oxford, Late Juvenile S. F. Society,	9 00
Springfield, J. L. Kilbon, const. self L.M.,	20 00
South Abington, Congregational Church, to const. John B. Hutchinson, L. M.,	18 64
Westford, Rev. L. Luce, L. M.,	2 00
Wellsfleet, Cong'l Ch. S. School, S. Lib.,	12 00
<b>CONNECTICUT.</b>	
Canterbury, A Friend, Bibles and Testaments for Sailors,	10 00
Fairfield, S. School, First Cong'l Ch., S. Library,	10 00
Hartford, Legacy of the late Mrs. Sally Whiting, J. Warburton, Executor,	200 00
New Haven, A Friend in First Church,	3 00
Prospect, Congregational Church,	5 09
Plainville, Congregational Church,	24 00
West Hartland, Congregational Church,	2 00
Wilton, Congregational Church, [add.],	2 00
<b>NEW YORK.</b>	
Beekmantown, Presbyterian Church,	4 00
Catskill, Ref'd Dutch Church., to const. Rev. John A. Lansing, L. M.	25 00
Presbyterian Church, \$10 from E. B. Day, to const. George H. Camp, of Sacketts Harbor, L. M.	72 86
New York City, William M. Halsted,	100 00
Charles N. Talbot,	25 00
Church of Puritans, (additional,) Mercer Street Church, (additional),	1 00
Pokeepsie, Second Ref. Dutch Church, \$10 from C. P. Adriaance, self L.M.,	3 50
Troy, R. D. Silliman,	25 86
	5 00
<b>NEW JERSEY.</b>	
Orange, John Snyder,	3 00
Patterson, Mrs. C. B. Atterbury,	20 00
Van Vorst, Ref. Dutch, Ch., Jersey City,	45 75
<b>MICHIGAN.</b>	
Augusta, Wm. P. Palmer,	23 16
<b>INDIANA.</b>	
West Creek, Sailor's Friend,	3 00

\$1,089 30



# THE LIFE BOAT



May, 1861.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. (Vol. 4.—No. 4.)

## Library on a War Steamer.

We placed a Ship's Library, the gift of the Sunday School of the Congregational Church of Stratford, Conn., on board the U. S. steamer "*Crusader*," Capt. Crayen, just before she left this port on the 17th of March. It was placed in care of Mr. S. H. Vermilyea, one of the seventy men comprising the crew. First Lieutenant Duncan manifested much interest in it, and promised to see that the books were well taken care of.

The readers of the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* will remember Mr. Vermilyea as the writer of "*Letters from a Whaleman*," introduced to them by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in our December No.

Mr. Vermilyea says:

"The morning after leaving New York (Sunday), I opened the Library and about half of the books were immediately taken out by the men.—Since then the weather has been rough and stormy, affording little opportunity for reading, notwithstanding which nearly all have been returned and new ones issued—a few having already read several volumes.

As I expected, some think they are too religious, and prefer novel reading; but these will soon be read through,

and then I have no doubt their places will be supplied by solid, useful reading matter. Others think the books excellent, and prefer them already."

## Report from a Sea-Missionary.

*Rev. Messrs. Loomis and Bissell,*

DEAR SIRS,—According to your desire, I report to you from Havana concerning the Library which you were pleased to place in my charge for the use of the ship's company, and other things that would interest you. The crew have been exceedingly gratified with the kind interest manifested for them by such a supply of valuable works, as you have furnished for their reading and improvement in the knowledge of that which maketh "wise unto salvation;" and in consequence of having watch and watch when at sea, were enabled for the time to use the books to some purpose.

I am connected with the starboard watch, and, together with the second mate, we commenced soon after we sailed from New York, to hold prayer meetings every evening in the fore-castle in our Dog watch below, which we continued until our arrival here.

We were becalmed on our passage out, on the Bahama Banks, and lay to anchor in consequence for two days, and was boarded by a boat's crew from a wrecking vessel, who expressed an earnest desire for some reading mat-

ter, and were exceedingly gratified to receive a few tracts from me.

Our second mate presented to each of the Custom House Officers who boarded us on our arrival with a copy of the New Testament in Spanish, and also some tracts in the same language, for which they were very grateful.

On last Sabbath I went ashore and distributed on the Custom House wharves a few Spanish tracts which a friend gave me for that purpose on leaving New York. They were all well received, and mostly read attentively on the spot. I regretted much that I had no more to distribute. I need not inform you that there is no Protestant place of worship here. The Romish Idolater has entire possession. There is a vessel in port now which flies the Bethel flag, and I purpose attending service on board if possible.

I have been on the doctor's list for a few days back and would defer writing until well, but the mail steamer for New York is in port and will leave very soon, in a few hours at farthest, and I would not be making a proper return for your kindness by a longer delay. I trust therefore you will kindly excuse this epistle. Our future destination is not known, as we are not yet chartered, and are likely to lie here for some time yet. I would bespeak a kind interest in your prayers at the throne of grace. With kind remembrance to Mr. Brown and Capt. Richardson, I remain dear sirs,

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH R. ATKINS,

*Bark Reindeer.*

*Havana, March 16th, 1860.*

### Give Him a Good Book.

How easy to do this. The most timid Christian can certainly do this much. I would not have any one stop with this in the way of doing good.—But look, while I tell you of the good that simple act may do.

A captain left this port a few days since, who is, and has been for some years, a very excellent christian—a *real worker*—so much so, that on one voyage he was the means of the conversion of four of his crew. In a word, he “goes about doing good.” Note the turning point with him: Some years ago, while a mate, on leaving

this port, a good book was given him at the Sailor's Home.

“That book,” he says, “was the instrument of my conversion.”

Bless the hand that gave him that book. Reader, dost thou covet a like blessing? Go and do likewise.

As the merchant boxes his goods, especially for the border lands, how desirable and how easy to put in a good book or two; and how many may rise up to bless him.

As mother or sister packs brother's trunk for journeyings on land or sea, slip in a good book—always *the book*, and also another or two; accompanying them with thy prayer and look for the blessing.

Yes, give him a good book; you cannot do less for him; and do it now. Redeem the time—haste to the rescue. “To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.”—“Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.”—*Sunday School Times.* J.B.R.

### Shaking out the Reef.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

On the wide ocean, between us and India, the winds blow for weeks in one direction. Then the ship moves on day and night, safely, rapidly, and pleasantly. A sea captain has been heard to say that he has sailed his ship six weeks, without altering a sail. These are called the “Trade Winds.”

“I will tell you a fact about drinking,” said a noble old sea captain. “And I tell you, boys, that when people say, ‘it don't hurt anybody to drink, if they don't drink too much,’ they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits, without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the ‘Trade Winds,’ I used to put all the sail on my ship which she would possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning about eleven o'clock, I used to go down into my cabin and take a good horn of brandy. Before going down, I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope taut. She was object of her love, have at last become the object of Thy grace!”



under all the sail she could safely carry. On coming up out of the cabin, having taken my brandy, it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the winds had fallen. Then I would cry, 'up there, lads, and shake out that reef.' For about thirty minutes, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By that time, when my brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'up there, lads, and clew up that reef.' So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for the lull in the wind just about that hour. But one day, I was unwell, and omitted my brandy, and over-heard my cook, black Cæsar say, 'Captain drink no brandy to-day—guess no shake out reef! Then I understood it all! From that time, I dropt my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, and yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange, if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, boys, there is no such thing as drinking, without drinking too much!'

It's even so. We don't know but a little about it. Many a ship-master has felt cold or hot, tired or sleepy, vexed and troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, "shaken out the reef," till his ship was dashed on the rocks, or swamped in the seas.

Many a physician has been worn down by labors and anxieties, his nerves weak, and his mind wavering, and has gone to the bottle, and thus he "shakes out the reef," is rash in dealing his powerful medicines, and he loses his patients, loses self-reliance, and the confidence of the community, and he loses practice and character, and is ruined.

Many a merchant drinks a little, feels more confidence, makes bargains when thus stimulated—"shakes out his reef"—and is ruined.

Many a mechanic takes a contract which he examined after drinking a little, forgot the number of hard blows it would cost to complete it, and thus he "shakes out the reef," and is ruined.

Many a young man falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink with them,

and he drinks, "shakes out the reef," and acquires a taste that is his destruction.

And many a bright boy, the hope of his father, and the pride of his mother, early learns to drink a little, and thus he "shakes out the reef," disappoints the hopes of his friends, lives a poor creature, dies a drunkard, and reads over the gate of heaven, no "drunkard shall inherit eternal life!"

*Sunday School Times.*

### **Influence of Mothers.**

"My mother," said Mr. Benton, not long before he died, "asked me never to drink liquor, and I never did. She desired me at another time to avoid gambling, and I never knew a card.—She hoped I would not use tobacco, and it never passed my lips."

Not long ago, the Rev. Dr. Mills, in one of his powerful appeals to mothers to consecrate their children to the ministry of the gospel, said, "A youth, after great deliberation, and with the knowledge that his mother desired him to be a clergyman, decided at last to become a lawyer; and soon after his mother inquired of him, in a tone of deep and tender interest, "My son, what have you decided to do?" "To study law, mother." She only replied, "I had hoped otherwise;" and her convulsive sobbing told the depth of her disappointment. "Do you think," said he, "I could go into the law over my mother's tears?" He reconsidered the case, and has long been an able and efficient clergyman.

### **God bless my Mother.**

A chaplain of one of the United States ships of war, describing the prayer meetings held on board his vessel, gives the following incidents to illustrate the deep feeling that prevailed.—They should encourage the heart of every pious mother. He says:

Not many nights ago, the whole meeting was moved as the heart of one man, by a noble looking youth of eighteen, who, in the midst of his broken hearted prayer, burst forth in the earnest supplication:

"O God! bless my dear mother! I thank Thee that thou hast heard her many prayers, and that I, so long the

And on the last night the feelings of every one present were again moved in like manner, by the testimony of a sailor in middle life, given with sobs and tears, to the blessed influence of a mother's prayers in restraining a wayward son from sin, and in bringing him at length, by the grace of God, to the hope of salvation.

Let the praying mother, whose prayers seem not yet to be answered, take courage, and exercise new faith in reference to the son of her love, from such proofs that praying breath is not spent in vain.

### \* A Hero.

The following affecting incident is related of a young sailor on board of the Royal Charter, named Anthony Belt. On the commencement of the voyage he had committed to his care, by the captain, a young midshipman. The latter received some injuries from a water cask, which had broken loose from the pitching of the vessel. The gallant seaman attached his own life-belt to the youth, carried him on deck, and placed him in a boat which the crew were engaged in lowering. Belt stood by the vessel to the last. On a general rush being made to the cutter, he endeavored to persuade a part of the crew to remain with him, and make an attempt to launch the boat which remained amidships. On the cutter getting clear, he and the carpenter cut away the mast, to give the vessel her only chance of holding together until day break. About three o'clock in the morning she broke in two, and as they did not get the boat launched, they remained exposed to the storm until daylight. Twice did young Belt plunge into the sea with a line to establish a communication by means of a life-buoy between the wreck and a cutter, which could not approach within a hundred yards on account of the sea, and by which he finally succeeded in saving many lives. He also preserved a Frenchman who had been plunged into the sea by the breaking of the line. The shipwrecked Fishermen's Royal Benevolent Institution gave him a gold medal, and his townsmen gave him a sextant, compass, telescope, and a set of drawing instruments.—*Exeter News Letter.*

### Little Ones, Listen.

Little eyes, little eyes,  
Where are you gazing?  
Not where sin's fires arise,  
Flashing and blazing!  
Look up! the soft blue sky  
Bending enfolds you;  
Look up! a father's eye  
Loving beholds you.

Little hands, little hands,  
What are you doing?  
Breaking his dear commands—  
Evil pursuing?  
Do the sweet works of love,  
Only and ever;  
God in his heaven above  
Aids that endeavor.

Little tongue, little tongue,  
What are you saying?  
Speak ne'er a word of wrong  
In working or playing.  
Speak but for love and truth—  
Holy and winning;  
In the sweet bloom of youth,  
Heaven's song beginning.

Little feet, little feet,  
Where are you moving?  
Let not the tempter meet,  
Steps idly roving!  
Walk where the good have trod,  
Heavenward before you;  
Christ's feet have pressed the sod,  
He watches o'er you.

Little heart, little heart,  
Seeking God's altar—  
Choosing the better part—  
Oh, do not falter!  
Gentle, and wise, and pure,  
All to him given;  
Thine is the promise sure,  
"Written in heaven."—*Anon.*

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, } *Cor. Secs.*  
REV. S. B. S. BISSELL, }  
MR. SAMUEL BROWN, } *Asst. Treas.*  
OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
AND } Bible H., Phil'a, Rev. J. W. KRAMER.  
ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES.

### TERMS OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information, and awakening an interest more especially among the young in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. It will be sent gratuitously, post paid, to every family from which a contribution is received, and to all persons who act as Collectors for the cause, provided a package of not less than 25 to one address is made up.



## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Twenty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; one of Fifty Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes Fifty Dollars, a Life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

## SHIP'S LIBRARIES.

Miscellaneous Libraries for ships furnished at our Office, 80 Wall street, for considerably less than the cost price. These books are selected, and libraries costing from five to twenty dollars, furnished at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at this Office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman street.

## CLOTHING

will, as far as practicable, be distributed to shipwrecked and destitute seamen at the Home; and contributions of articles are solicited from the Ladies, and the benevolent generally, for that purpose. Also bedding, &c. for the Sailor's Home.

## SAVING'S BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall street, and Boston, Tremont street, open daily between 10 and 2 o'clock.

## SAILOR'S HOMES.

LOCATION.	UNDER WHAT DIRECTION.	KEEPERS.
		Captains.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.	Am. Sea. Fr. Soc.	E. RICHARDSON & E. WALFORD.
" 20 Vandewater st., (col'd.)	do. do.	
" 338 Pearl street.	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Sea.	J. Marrett.
" 173 Cherry street.	Private.	S. Scott.
" 184 " "	do.	Mrs. Isab. Thoms.
" 334, 336 Pearl street.	do.	William Huelat.
" 318 " "	do.	P. W. Marett.
" 91 Market street.	do.	Peter Oberg.
" 22 Oak street.	do.	Mrs. Alice Perry.
" 45 Oliver street.	do.	Christ. Bowman.
" 41 " "	do.	William White.
" 21 Hamilton street.	do.	Victor Seaman.
" 9 Carlisle street.	do.	Wm. Johnson.
PORTLAND, foot of India street.	Maine Sea. Union.	L. P. Nelson.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.	Boston S. F. Soc.	Jno. O. Chany.
" North Square.	Boston Sea. Aid Soc.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies Br. N. B. P. S.	David Ilsley.
NEW HAVEN, head of Long Wharf.	Young M. Ch. Union.	A. W. Richardson.
PHILADELPHIA, 204 South Front street.	Penn. S. F. Soc.	Thos. McGuire.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.	S. Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirbey.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock sts.	Wilm. S. F. Soc.	G. W. Williams.
CHARLESTON, Market, opp. State st.	Charleston Port Soc.	Capt. W. White.
SAVANNAH, foot of Jefferson street.		Capt. O. C. Parker.
MOBILE,		Henry Parsons.
NEW ORLEANS, c. N. Levee & Sazette sts.		F. Rickerts.
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ST. JOHN, N. B.	S. Home Soc.	E. W. Flaglor.
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